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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER VI.—*The state of Rome at the commencement of the year 1848.—The people demand a new Constitution, which is at length granted.—The war of Italian Independence.—The intrigues and violence of the conspirators against the Cardinals.—Count Rossi made Minister.—The particulars of his assassination.*

Nothing could exceed the gloom and despondency that hung over Italy at the beginning of the year 1848. In Rome it was evident that things were hastening to a crisis. The accounts of the risings in the several Italian States and elsewhere, gave new life and energy to the popular leaders, and afforded them new occasions for assembling the people, thus adding new fuel to the excitement, already so prevalent. The press and the clubs, which had recently greatly increased, redoubled their energy and everywhere encouraged *fetes*, songs, processions and gatherings of the masses, in strict conformity with the rules laid down by Mazzini for keeping the public mind in a state of excitement, teaching the people their strength and rendering them "more exacting."

Measures of reform were demanded in keeping with the excited state of public feeling, and such as none but the worst enemies of true liberty could for a moment think of receiving. The deliberations of the Consulta were rudely interrupted by the mob-leaders, who made their demands in a menacing tone. The neglect of business to attend to *fetes*, processions and other popular demonstrations, on the part of a large number of the people, especially of the laboring and mechanical classes, led to the consequences against which the Holy Father had warned them in June of the previous year. Idleness became general, and poverty and distress followed as a necessary consequence; nor were frequent acts of violence wanting to add to the perils of the hour.

Such was the state of things when the news of the insurrection which had broken out in Palermo, burst upon Rome. The excitement occasioned by this event had not yet subsided, when the startling intelligence reached the city that the king of Naples had granted a free constitution; that Vienna was in a state of siege, Prussia threatened with a revolutionary movement, Paris convulsed, and a republic established on the ruins of the Orleans dynasty. From this moment, the audacity of the press, the clubs and the mob-leaders knew no bounds

and shortly after the news from Paris, the people, headed by their leaders, proceeded in an immense crowd to the Quirinal, to demand the new constitution, which had been some time previously promised by the Pope.

The Holy Father was much embarrassed by violent demonstrations, which clearly indicated a determination on the part of his subjects to force him to yield to their demands. To frame a constitution which would equally protect the interests of the Church and the State, was a task not to be accomplished in a day. The Pope in his reply to their demand, alluded to the difficult nature of the work in which he was engaged, but hoped that the constitution would be ready shortly, and that he would be able in a few days to proclaim a new form of government, calculated to satisfy the Senate, the Council and the people. The promise thus made was speedily fulfilled, and in the early part of June the Roman Parliament was opened by a speech, which was read in the name of the Pope, in which, after expressing his satisfaction at having succeeded in introducing into his states the political reforms demanded by the times, his Holiness directed the attention of the Chambers to matters which were of pressing importance. The partisans of Mazzini were not idle; they had obtained a grand victory, and looked for another; they cared not for the interests of the state nor the good of the people, but secretly regarded every concession, even the most generous, only as a means of accomplishing an end—the destruction of the government.

No one more sincerely desired to witness the triumph of Italian independence than Pius IX. To accomplish this grand object, he made several ineffectual efforts to combine the different states into one common national league. This proposal met with the most cordial approbation on the part of most of the states; by some, however, it was received with coldness and jealousy. Sardinia refused to send delegates to Rome, and suggested a Congress to meet in the north of Italy. This was repugnant to the southern states, which naturally viewed with apprehension the ambitious movements of Charles Albert. It is the belief of many that if the project of an Italian League, under the presidency of the Pope, had been carried into effect, it would in all probability have effected the freedom of Italy; have saved Rome from the sad calamities which subsequently befel it, and secured the reforms to the Papal States which Pius IX had so generously granted.

During the summer of this year, the war of independence, as it was called, was carried on with various success until the defeat of Charles Albert under the walls of Milan. This event frustrated the most ardent aspirations of the patriots of Italy, and brought to an ignominious termination a war which was ill devised and most injudiciously conducted. While Pius IX most willingly gave his sanction to this war, he had given positive instruction to his generals not to proceed further than the frontiers of the Papal States, and there act on the defensive. These instructions were disobeyed by General Durando, who crossed the frontiers, issuing at the same time an address to his soldiers, justifying his course and pledging the Pope in a crusade for the extermination of the Austrians as the enemies of "the Cross of Christ." The Pope, who had previously forbidden his army, by proclamation, to pass the boundaries of his states, condemned the conduct of his general, and repudiated the language used in his address. He adhered to his proclamation, in which, while profess-

ing his devotion to the cause of Italian independence, he at the same time declared that, as Pontiff, he could not proclaim war against any Christian power.

When this determination of the Pope was made known, the popular leaders assembled in secret conclave to devise some means of counteracting its effect. After a long consultation, they determined to proclaim everywhere that a most formidable conspiracy was discovered—that the Cardinals were about to betray the city into the hands of the Austrians. Having laid their plans, they rushed from the place like so many infuriated tigers. Sterbini mounted an open carriage, and standing upright and waving his handkerchief, he drove in the wildest excitement down the Piazza di Spangna towards the Corso. As he passed, he signed to the crowd, as if something of the utmost importance was to be revealed, to hasten to the Quarters of the Monte or the Barracks of Poli. As the wheels of the carriage burnt the very pavement in their rapid course, he shouted that Rome was betrayed—the enemy was at its very gates. Ciceruacchio and other leaders were similarly employed. They drove like lightning through different parts of the city, entering taverns, workshops, and the lowest dens of resort, calling on the people to rise and defend Rome against her enemies, the Austrians, with whom the Cardinals had entered into a league for the purpose of delivering the city into their hands and crushing forever the hopes of Italian independence. The people, ignorant of the designs of these artful men, and really believing Rome in danger, rushed in crowds to the different barracks or to the gates of the city. Here they were harangued by the mob-leaders, who artfully professed the utmost loyalty to the Pope, but cunningly charged the Cardinals with restraining his Holiness in his measures of reform, and of preventing him from joining in the war against Austria, the great enemy of Italian liberty. We can thus understand why it was, that about this time so violent an opposition was raised against the Cardinals. It had been the determination of the revolutionary leaders from the very beginning, to destroy this order, and thereby remove from the Pope his most faithful counsellors. Hence the origin of this pretended conspiracy—this coupling of the name of the Cardinals with Austrians, and holding them out to the people as leagued with the worst enemies of Italy. From this period the most open and undisguised opposition to the Cardinals and the clergy generally, was kept up by the members of the secret orders. It was common from this time until the flight of the Holy Father, to hear in the streets of Rome the exclamation: “Death to the Cardinals! death to the priests!”

The city was thrown into the wildest state of excitement, precisely what the partisans of Mazzini anticipated and wished, as it enabled them to gain another important step in power, and acquire the absolute control of the civil and military authorities of the city. A body of the Civic Guards hasten to the Castle of Sant’ Angelo, and representing to the commandant that they had been sent by the order of the Pope as a reinforcement, were admitted into the fortress. Having gained admission, they immediately turned out the guard and took possession of the castle, which they afterwards held until they were expelled by the French. The same was done in regard to the gates of the city. They were all placed under the control of the Civic Guard; none were allowed to enter or pass out except such as they thought proper to permit.

It happened at this time that the Archbishop of Tuam, with another prelate from Ireland, who had arrived in Rome a few days before, wished to pass

through the Salara Gate on his way to the Irish College, situated outside of the city. But on arriving at the gate, a soldier of the Civic Guard ordered the coachman to stop. "The Archbishop of Tuam," replied the coachman. "Can't pass," abruptly answered the guard. Upon this the Archbishop looked out, enquired the cause of the detention, and requested the gate to be opened. The guard replied that he had orders to keep the gate closed to all.

"Why, are citizens prevented from going about their own affairs?"

"Such are my orders."

"Who gave such orders?"

The soldier replied that when a soldier receives orders, he must carry them out without regard to persons. The archbishop finding it useless to reason with such champions of liberty, directed the coachman to turn in another direction.

The sight of a Cardinal soon became the signal for scenes of outrage and indignities. When the Holy Father heard of the outcry raised against them, he sent for them to come to his palace. One of them, venerated for his age and great learning, was on his way to the Vatican, when he was met by a crowd of miscreants, who hissed and began to throw stones and mud at his carriage. The coachman in his fright plied the whip to the horses, and passed along the Corso in full gallop. Some one enquired what it meant, when he was told that it was a spy, an Austrian in disguise! Immediately an infuriated crowd, believing or pretending to believe the reply, ran in hot pursuit of the carriage, crying at the top of their voices: "An Austrian! stop him! catch him! down with the traitor—death to the emissary!" And it was with difficulty that the Cardinal escaped to the palace of the Pope.

Another of the Cardinals was detained a prisoner in the palace of the Chancery. The Pope on hearing it sent the major-domo, the chief officer of his household, with his secret chamberlain, in his own carriage, to bring the Cardinal to the Vatican. On the arrival of the carriage at the Chancery, the Civic Guard, with fixed bayonets, drew up in front of the gate and ordered it to stand. The major-domo stated that he had orders from the Pope to bring with him the Cardinal there detained. His order in writing was demanded by one of the Guard. The former replied that when the Pope sent his major-domo in person to execute his commands, it was not customary to give his orders in writing. He was then abruptly told that the Cardinal should not leave without a written order. When the Pope heard of this violence, he sent for the general of the Civic Guard and ordered him to bring the Cardinal to his palace. The general entered his carriage and drove without delay to the Court of Chancery, summoned the captain of the Guard before him, and delivered the order of his Holiness; but before the captain could reply, one of the lieutenants interrupted him, saying: "What Pope? The Cardinal is a traitor—he is our prisoner." "But this is an order from your sovereign, a positive command," replied the general. "No! he shall not go out," vociferated the soldiers. The general, thinking to intimidate them by assuming a lofty tone and a stern countenance: "I shall take his Eminence with me," he replied, "and let me see who shall dare to fire at my breast." "We shall fire upon you both," was the reply of the wretches, at the same time placing themselves on the stairway and landings, with fixed bayonets. He was compelled to depart without effecting his object.

These acts of violence and insubordination, which were of daily occurrence,

give us to understand the lawless condition of Rome at that period, and how completely the city was under the control of that bold and fearless band of conspirators who, in the name of liberty, sought the destruction of the state, the overthrow of the government, and with it, the most cherished institutions of society.

In this sad state of things, there appeared only one chance for the cause of constitutional liberty against the dictation of the clubs and the lawless violence of the populace; and that was in the selection of a minister of liberal views, but a man of energy and determination; and such a minister Pius IX found in the person of Count Rossi, an experienced statesman, a friend of national reform, a man sincerely anxious of seeing peace and tranquility restored to the country. A solemn consciousness of duty and a generous desire to aid his sovereign in a time of the greatest need, alone induced the count to undertake the difficult position to which he was called. He entered on his duties by the adoption of the most vigorous measures to restore order and put a stop to the lawless proceedings which had for some time disgraced the city and spread consternation over the entire community. His efforts were met by the bitterest denunciations on the part of the revolutionary press and the leaders of the clubs. Regardless of their threats, he persevered in the fearless discharge of his duty, and in a short time succeeded in inspiring confidence in the breasts of the most desponding and in giving hopes of ultimate success. Alarmed at his boldness and determination, it was resolved by the conspirators that the new minister should be removed by assassination. This was decreed at a meeting of revolutionary leaders. Even the time and place were fixed, and three assassins chosen by lot to carry the decree into execution. It is said that these three wretches were trained for the purpose by a surgeon, who procured a corpse from the hospital of San Giacomo and had it conveyed to the Capranica Theatre, where at midnight the assassins met to receive his instruction. He explained to them that if they wished the victim to drop dead instantly, the blow should be directed to the carotid. He warned them to observe that the cravat or collar be not in the way, and the more effectually to succeed in the attempt, he directed one of them to strike the minister gently on the back or shoulder, in order to cause him to look round, which motion of the head causes the carotid to stand out. Then having several times repeated the experiment of striking the carotid of the corpse with their daggers, the assassins separated.

For some days before the commission of the horrid deed, the revolutionary organs, the Pallade and Don Pirlone, threw out hints, with a view of preparing the people for the event, and so distinctly as to point out the place, the day and the hour—November 15th, about noon. The following interesting particulars touching this tragical event, we give in the language of a writer who was present in Rome at the time and a witness to many of the atrocious deeds of that period:

“The 13th had passed: Count Rossi had taken every step, posted sentinels at every entrance, cleared every ambush, and stationed guards at every point of access. Rome was full of carabineers, who had the password given them, and a secret sign to protect them against every deception, and to detect every subterfuge of the conspirators, and turn it against them. But still the snare hung over the head of the count, who trusted to the carabineers, among whom there was more than one conspirator. On the day following the fourteenth, the open-

ing of the Chambers was to take place; and the minister had already prepared an address to the Deputies; he recapitulated in it what had been so far done, laid down the steps which were to be taken for the future, pointed out the measures, occasions, and opportunities, for dissipating the ill-conceived suspicions of many, for restoring the order which had been shaken by past license, for encouraging the disheartened, and exciting the indolent to renewed activity. He had already read his speech to the Pope, who approved of it, and doubted not its good effect; but who did not dissemble to Rossi the difficulty of the undertaking, the treachery of his adversaries, and the uncertainty of the result. Rossi replied: 'Holy Father, God aids the cause of justice, and directs its counsels to a fortunate issue. Holy Father, grant me your blessing, and at the risk of my life, I will persevere unflinchingly to attack iniquity, and to defend your authority and the glory of the Holy Roman See.'

"The night preceding the 15th, was spent by the conspirators in secret arrangements, in delivering secret instructions, and in indicating their exact posts to the actors in the tragedy. A distinguished lady (however she might have obtained her knowledge), had written early in the morning to Rossi, revealing the plot:—'Let him not go to the chambers, or he would not escape death.' Rossi was unmoved. He presented himself to the Pope, to receive his blessing, and then to set out. The Pope was sad, and said: 'Count, do not go; those faithless men are capable of everything.' 'They are more despicable than they are perfidious,' replied Rossi; and he descended to enter his carriage. At this moment, Monsignor Morini suddenly accosted him, breathless and pale, and said: 'Count, your obstinacy will cost you your life; death awaits you on the steps of the Chancery.'

"'Monsignor,' he replied, 'my duty calls me, and God protects me.'

"He left the palace, accompanied by Righetti, the representative of the financial department, and turned towards the Chancery, where he supposed that a number of the carabinieri were already posted in disguise. The piazza contained a crowd of agitated and furious people. 'Here he comes, here he comes! The very man!' was whispered among them at his first appearance. The carriage passed beneath the portico of the palace; the minister descended the carriage steps with a tranquil and fearless air: he saw numerous groups gathered here and there, and passed through the midst of them; but when within a few steps of the stairs, he heard loud hisses and groans from the wretches; still he passed on without heeding them.

"As he raised his foot to the first step, he felt a sudden blow in the side; he turned round to see who had struck him, and the point of a stiletto was driven into his jugular vein. He pronounced the words, 'O God!' still went up three steps, and fell insensible. The crowd of conspirators pressed round him: from behind some one cried—

"'What is the matter?' Many voices replied: 'Silence, silence!' 'tis nothing.'

"Righetti and a servant lifted up the victim, carried him into the first chamber at the head of the stairs, and placed him on a chair. He gave one sigh, and expired.

"A voice announced to the Chamber the death of the first minister. No one turned his head, no one raised his eyes, no one changed countenance; as if some one had said, 'At Constantinople the Grand Vizier is dead.' Every one

continued his conversation, or his writing at his desk. The ambassadors and ministers, indignant at such infamy and shamelessness on the part of the Deputies, went out of that den of assassins, followed by the deputies from Bologna, who were the associates of the murdered minister.

"Rome was amazed and horror-stricken at this atrocious deed, which stained it with blood, in the sight of every civilized nation; but the conspirators, insulting the public sorrow, that same evening bore in triumph through the Corso, by the light of torches, a villain, who represented the assassin, raised upon the shoulders of a ferocious mob, that pointed to the raised hand of the murderer grasping a bloody dagger, and sang, accompanied by bands of the National Guard, carabineers, and all sorts of soldiers arm-in-arm with the people:

'Blessed be th' heroic hand,
That Rossi slew with freedom's brand.'

"You shudder, compassionate reader! But not satisfied with this, with the wild gesticulations of cannibals they carried the murderer beneath the windows of the desolate widow and of the sons, singing the triumphs of assassinations."

MAN.

VERSIFIED FROM AN APOLOGUE BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Affliction one day as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it Man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

He is mine, said Affliction; I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation:—
The materials were furnish'd by me, answered Earth:—
I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The gods, all assembled in solemn Divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounc'd a definitive verdict on Man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition:

Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
Of life cease to harass and goad it;
After death, give his body to Earth, whence it rose;
And his spirit to Jove, who bestowed it.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XVIII.

BENEDICTINE NUNS.

THE order of St. Benedict was, with that of St. Columban for the Latin Church, what that of St. Basil was for the Orientals. The order of St. Columban spread rapidly, but has long since disappeared, while that of St. Benedict has remained to our day, young in the vigor of its usefulness.

St. Benedict, the father of monastic life in Italy, was born at Nursi, in the dutchy of Spoleto, in 408. While studying at Rome, whither he had been sent by his parents, Eutropius and Abundantia, his eyes were opened by God's grace to the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things. Impelled by the desire of perfection, he retired to the desert of Subiacum. Here in a few years the fame of his sanctity collected crowds of disciples and several monasteries sprang up. After directing these for some time, he was driven out by persecution and founded the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino, the mother house of the order, where most probably he completed that rule which has formed so many saints in the Church of God.

This holy patriarch died in 543, after a short illness.* His sister, St. Scholastica, following her brother's example, consecrated herself to the service of Almighty God by the vows of religion, but it is not certain that she formed a community of virgins who followed the rule of St. Benedict, although she is revered as foundress by the Benedictine nuns.

As the Benedictine order extended, many Columbanian abbeys adopted the rule of the holy abbot of Monte Cassino, and the convents of nuns in many parts made the same change, thus giving rise, as Father Helyot thinks, to the first Benedictine nunneries,† at least in France. Those in England were founded by the Benedictine monks whom Saint Augustine led to rescue the Anglo Saxon race from barbarism; and the convents of Germany were founded by the Anglo Saxon monks and nuns who left their native isle to reclaim their kindred Teutons on the continent.

The holy virgin, St. Walburga, the niece of St. Boniface, daughter and sister of saints, in 748 left her convent of Winburn, where she had spent twenty-eight years in holy retirement, to go with thirty other daughters of St. Benedict to aid in Christianizing Germany. Here in 752 she founded the convent of Heidenheim, of which she became the abbess, and has ever since been revered as the foundress of the order in Germany. In our day she returns, not in her own person, but in that of the nuns of her convent, St. Walburga's, in her brother's city of Eichstadt, to the new land of the race from which she sprung, to that daughter and rival of England, whose hour of prosperity and glory is coeval with her emancipation of the fellow believers of a Benedict, a Columban, a Boniface and a Walburga.

The convent of St. Walburga at Eichstadt, was founded in 1022 by Bishop Herbert, who gave the nuns a large tract of land. Succeeding prelates and

* Helyot—*Histoire des ordres religieux* (Ed. Migne) i, 416. Butler—*Lives of the Saints*, March 21, Feb. 10.

† Helyot *ut sup*, i, 439.

many princes added to its means, and for more than seven centuries it continued its good work. During the last century, the deistical ideas which prevailed gained Joseph I, Emperor of Germany, who sought to be the head of the Church as well as of the State, a second Henry VIII or Gustavus Vasa: and like them shewed his capacity of devouring by swallowing up the property of the religious orders. Following the example of the head of the empire, the elector of Bavaria, at the beginning of this century, suppressed all the Benedictine monasteries in his circle but one, and all the Benedictine nunneries except that of Saint Walburga at Eichstadt, in which, shorn of its estates, the nuns were permitted, at the earnest intercession of the Bishop, Joseph Anthony, Count of Stribenberg, to remain, though not permitted to receive novices or add to their number. But better times came on; King Ludwig, a wise and pious prince, repaired many of the evils of his predecessor, and by a decree dated June 7, 1835, gave the nuns the liberty of extending their order.

In 1846, the present mitred abbot, the Rt. Rev. Boniface Wimmer, planted his ancient order in western Pennsylvania, and with the lapse of a few years beheld houses arise in various parts. The German settlement of St. Mary's became the site of one, and as no institution existed there to direct the education of girls, the Fathers called upon the ancient convent of St. Walburga to aid them, and not in vain: a colony of Benedictine nuns from that ancient monastery came to America in 1853,* founding under Mother Benedicta Reipp the convent of St. Mary's town. Here the sisters at once devoted themselves to the direction of the parish schools, and began to erect an academy for higher education.

Their labors have been most successful—vocations have not been wanting: in a few years a second house arose at Erie, with Mother Scholastica as Superior, and in 1857 the diocese of Newark, where the Fathers were already laboring, invited in the nuns, who founded a third convent at Newark.

* De Courcey—Catholic Church, p. 312.

THE ROSE AND ROSARY.

It is not of its charms we rob the Rose,
 Or of its wealth of odours think the less,
 When o'er its blooming petals we confess
 Religion rightly mystic meanings throws.
 To us with heavenlier hues its beauty glows,
 To us bears sweetness purer than of sense,
 Its graces speak to us of Jesus' woes,
 Its fragile form of His Omnipotence!
 Thanks to the Church's wisdom, which has given
 To Nature's simplest works a lofty worth.
 The Rose-leaf dies, but ere on winds 'tis driven,
 Wisdom and faith draw from its death their birth,
 The Rose receives the fairest charms of earth,
 The Rosary far fairer charms from Heaven.

HONESTY REWARDED.

(Translated from the French.)

THE Baron de Tilk was the owner of a beautiful estate in Artois, when the troubles of the revolution compelled him, towards the year 1791, to expatriate himself, together with his wife and only son, a young man of the age of sixteen, and of a constitution so feeble and languishing, that he had never ceased from the moment of his birth to be a source of the most serious anxiety to his parents.

Fortunately, at the period of his hurried departure, the baron had in his possession a sufficient amount of disposable property to enable him to supply liberally the wants of his family in a strange country, at least for a certain length of time.

In addition to this, he had deposited with a notary at St. Omer's, the sum of one hundred thousand livres, which he dared not place out at interest during the political disturbances, and which he now desired to carry away with him; but the dangers by which he was surrounded, obliged him to depart from the home of his ancestors without having it in his power to remove this deposit. On the other hand, the notary, impelled by the character of the times, had strongly urged his client to relieve him of the embarrassing trust; for, at this epoch, when the lives and the fortunes of the most quiet and inoffensive citizens were daily in peril, every species of responsibility seemed a risk, and each one excused himself through the motives of fear or of prudence.

It was thus as he was bidding adieu to his native soil, as he was about to pass, secretly and perhaps forever, from the land which he loved with all the fervor of a patriot, but where his life was continually endangered—it was at such a moment, that the Baron de Tilk was called upon to decide the very important question that had arisen in regard to the disposition of his funds. His embarrassment had reached its highest point, when suddenly a brilliant thought came across his mind; he viewed it as an inspiration from heaven, and proceeded immediately to put it in practice.

Two only of his dependants accompanied him; one was his valet de chambre, who would follow him into exile; the other, his gardener, named Andrew Duval, who was compelled to part from him at the frontier, in order to return to his own family.

Duval was the foster father of the young De Tilk, and had participated in all the anxious fears of his master for this delicate child, the object of their most tender love. Thence there existed between these two men a feeling of affection, which the difference of rank could never impair, and it was to this humble but devoted servant of his house, that the fugitive resolved to confide the hundred thousand livres he found himself under the necessity of withdrawing from the hands of his notary.

“Andrew, thou lovest me—is it not so?” said he, taking him aside as they were on the point of separating. “Well, then, thou canst render me a signal service; it is for thee to preserve to my Alfred, who is also the child of thy heart, a small remnant of the property I am compelled to abandon for the pur-

pose of saving my life." He then explained to him his wishes. Andrew was thunderstruck at the proposal, and replied with deep emotion :

"You know very well, my kind master, that I am yours entirely and without reserve; that I will ever faithfully execute your commands, whatever they may be. But, my God! have you no friend to whom you can confide a trust so important? Remember that this sum will remain a dead capital in my hands; that it is altogether beyond my power to invest it profitably, and that even should better times return, it might at last be wrested from me by some unforeseen accident, and what then could console me under so great a misfortune?"

"I have weighed all that," interrupted the baron; "but listen—neither thou nor I, my good Andrew, can obviate the difficulties you point out. In this melancholy state of affairs, there is but one thing certain: thine incorruptible honesty, in which I place unlimited confidence. Be assured, my friend, that the loss of the sum of which I am about to make thee the depository, can never cause me to doubt thee for an instant. Therefore, no further hesitation; time presses, and we must act quickly. Here is my power of attorney, drawn up in proper form; hasten to the notary, remove the funds, place them secretly in some secure corner of thy cottage; and now we must part, hoping soon to meet again under happier auspices."

As he uttered these words, this excellent master threw himself into the arms of his faithful dependant, and mutual tears relieved the anguish of their overburdened hearts. And thus they parted; the one to seek in a foreign land the safety which was denied him in his own; the other to go and accomplish the delicate mission with which he had been so unexpectedly entrusted against his will.

Although but a simple villager, and by no means educated above his condition, Andrew was not the less gifted with an upright mind, and above all, he possessed a nature so noble and elevated, that his language was at times in striking contrast with his humble state of life. This contrast arose doubtless from his frequent and familiar intercourse with the master to whom he was devotedly attached; the manners of the great lord had modified and chastened those of the rustic, without detracting in anything from the native simplicity of his character; still less could they affect the genuine goodness and honesty of his heart.

On leaving the exiles, his first care was to go in search of the notary, who, on receiving the certificate of the baron, immediately counted down to him in gold the hundred thousand livres, which Andrew enclosed in a valise procured expressly for that purpose.

In a more cheerful mood, he then remounted the fine horse of which his master had made him a present previously to his departure from the chateau, and he was thus enabled to transport the treasure that had been entrusted to him, without attracting upon his journey the attention of curious eyes; he took care besides, not to arrive before nightfall at the village where he resided.

On reaching home, however, he had yet one great difficulty to surmount. Annette, his wife, though possessing all the requisites of an excellent manager, had nevertheless inherited rather more than her legitimate share of the curiosity so natural to her sex; and a secret, whatever might be its importance, was to her an intolerable burthen, of which she never failed, on the very first opportunity, to relieve herself, to the great edification and delight of her neighbors.

This was Annette's only defect, and until now had never been a source of much annoyance to her husband, for the present was the only important mystery that had ever come to disturb the even tenor of his life. But under existing circumstances, this failing of his companion acquired so grave a character, on account of its probable consequences, that he felt the full necessity of foiling it at every hazard.

It was then with a feeling not only of inquietude, but even of anxious alarm, that poor Andrew, profiting by the darkness of the hour, rendered yet more gloomy from a heavy fall of rain, proceeded to bury the valise containing the treasure of his master, in a barn situated some distance off, and where he had collected before his departure the several implements for digging. This work accomplished and having replaced the newly dug earth, with the various objects taken here and there, as chance directed in the obscurity of the night, he closed the barn and reached at last the door of his cottage, where Annette and the pretty Jane, their only daughter, a girl of sixteen years, received him with all the evidences of the most tender regard.

"Bless me! but thou art pale and tired, my dear," exclaimed his helpmate, nearly stifling him in the violence of her affectionate demonstrations. "Thou returnest from a long journey—the baron, my lady, and my little Alfred, have they returned with thee? Speak, man! didst thou lose thy tongue on the road?"

"I will soon find it again, my good Annette, if thou wilt only treat me to some supper," replied Andrew, forcing a smile, "for I tell thee I am dying of hunger."

And to escape a fresh storm of questions, he busied himself in taking his horse to the stable, whither Jane quickly followed, and addressing him in a low voice, said:

"I believe, father, that I have news from the chateau. I did not speak of what I saw to my mother, because——"

"Well, well, Jane," quickly interrupted Andrew, not willing that his daughter should even indirectly give expression to sentiments at variance with the respect ever due from the child to the mother—"thou hast acted wisely; we should not discuss the affairs of our superiors except when they command us to do so. Yet as I am charged by our master, the baron, with the overlooking of many things during his absence, I give thee permission to speak of what thou hast seen."

"Well, then father," replied the young girl, "as I was this evening, towards nightfall, sitting with Madame Hermann, the housekeeper, who as you know gives me lessons in reading and writing, several men arrived at the chateau—one of whom wore a great sword, whilst the others carried fire-arms. I was very much frightened, for they used horrible threats against the baron and our lady, and as soon as I could escape without being observed, I ran home with all the speed I could make and waited your return very anxiously, not daring to make known my fears to my mother."

It was not the first time that Jane had practised this kind of reserve in presence of the being to whom she owed her own existence. Nevertheless, she respected and revered, as she was herself in turn tenderly loved and cherished; but there existed in the characters of the mother and daughter so marked a difference, that it was impossible there could be at all times a full and unrestricted confidence between them. The one, as we have already intimated, had

never learned the art of holding her tongue—whilst the other, the living image of her father, both mentally and physically, had exhibited from childhood a discretion beyond her years: a rare quality in one so young, and which her habits of familiar intercourse with the inmates of the chateau had tended to strengthen and confirm, whilst her intellectual powers were rapidly developed under the influence of the illustrious examples she daily witnessed.

Andrew, on learning that the abode of his master had been already invaded by a troop of armed men, foresaw in a moment the fatal consequences likely to ensue from this first act of rigor, and he at once formed the resolution to take up again the valise he had just concealed so carefully within the barn, as that place, from being a dependency of the chateau, did not seem to him so safe as the cottage, which latter belonged to him in his own right.

This new undertaking was to the poor fellow a source of greater embarrassment than he had yet undergone; for before putting it in execution, he must wait until the worthy but prying Annette should be fairly in the midst of her first slumber for the night. At last he had succeeded in depositing his precious trust in a secure hiding-place, of which he alone knew the secret, and was congratulating himself upon his success, when a couple of soldiers appeared at the cottage and ordered him to accompany them forthwith to the chateau, where he was closely questioned concerning the route taken by the fugitives.

This faithful servant maintained sufficient presence of mind, in these trying circumstances, to shape his answers so as to turn aside the suspicions that had been aroused by the sudden departure of the family of Tilk, and he was dismissed without further molestation. But from this moment he comprehended fully the perilous position in which he stood; the friendship of the baron had excited the envy of many against him, and he felt that their enmity was not to be despised; it was then with an anxious heart and gloomy forebodings that he returned to his humble domicile.

Nor were the days immediately following calculated to reassure him. He was often summoned to the chief town of the canton, and interrogated anew in regard to the baron and his family, and as he continued to exhibit the same cautious reserve in his replies, he was finally considered as belonging to the class of *suspected persons*. Andrew understood all the peril attending such a title; thus each day and hour added to his anxieties, and he trembled lest at any moment he might be arrested and hurried to execution. And the fact that he had not as yet dared to disclose to any one the hiding-place of the money which had been entrusted to his keeping, augmented the troubles of his mind. At length his fears determined him to unbosom himself to his daughter, upon whose rare prudence and fidelity he felt that he could safely rely.

"Listen to me, my Jane," said he; "thou hast an honest heart—thou fearest God, and thou art not wanting in courage. Promise me, before God, who sees and will judge us, that thou wilt never, except to our master, the Baron de Tilk, or his heirs, reveal the secret I am going to confide to thee."

Struck by this solemn appeal of her father, the young girl regarded him for a moment with a look of vague and undefined terror; she nevertheless gave him the promise he exacted.

"In these unhappy times we know not what troubles may come upon us, my Jane; we may fall into poverty, we may want bread, perhaps—but we will suffer the utmost extreme of hunger, will we not, even with the money of our

superiors in reach of us? To take one cent of it would be a theft, an infamy. But the blush of shame shall never pollute our foreheads. Dost thou promise, my dear daughter?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Jane; "I see in this money only a trust, a trust that will be held sacred by every honorable mind. Therefore, my father, be no longer disquieted; you and I, with the help of God, will never fail in our duty, whatever may happen."

The day after this conversation, which had removed a heavy load from the mind of Andrew, he was again summoned to the head-quarters of the canton; but this time the unfortunate man did not return as usual to his cottage. He was sent to prison in a neighboring city, and his poor family was in consequence plunged into the deepest distress. The objects of the most illiberal persecution, they beheld themselves abandoned by the people of their native village, and not one cared or dared to extend to them the hand of friendship.

But Jane, the courageous Jane, was not of a nature to sink under misfortune; having yielded to the first overpowering emotions of grief, she felt that tears were no remedy for the evils which surrounded them, that it now devolved upon her to sustain and comfort her unhappy parents, and bravely did she address herself to this heroic duty.

She had learned at an early period of life, to fashion from reeds and small twigs of osier, handsome mats and charming little hand-baskets, with which in happier times she had been wont to amuse herself in embellishing the chateau. She now betook herself in earnest to this kind of employment, and worked at it with such energy and good will, that she soon became very skillful, and every day for a fortnight, mounted upon her father's horse, she carried to the nearest town the result of her labors, together with fruits and flowers from their cottage garden, and having disposed of these several articles, she hastened to share the proceeds with her beloved captive, whom she was permitted, from time to time, to see and embrace. It was from this holy and endearing bond of union between two hearts so worthy of each other, they derived that pious and heroic resolution so necessary to sustain them under the heavy weight of their many sorrows.

And incredible as it may appear, even within the gloomy walls of his prison there still existed sources of unspeakable consolation for the father of Jane. The courage of this noble girl, the loving tenderness with which she waited upon him, her prudence, her intelligence, so far beyond her years—in fine, all the rare qualities displayed in her uncommon character, tended to make him proud, nay, even happy, and it was therefore with a feeling almost of triumph, that he accepted the tokens of her filial affection.

At length, after nine months of captivity, during which time not even the ingenuity of malice itself could invent any charge of moment against the poor gardener, he was restored to freedom, thanks to the obscurity of his humble position, and he returned once more to his cottage.

We will not attempt to describe the transports of the wife and daughter, as they pressed him to their hearts. At this happy moment all their previous sorrows were forgotten; in the reaction of their feelings they yielded without reserve to the cheering impulses of joy and hope, undeterred by a thought or a care for the future.

But, alas! ordinarily speaking, misfortunes do not come single. And the

next day poor Duval had reason to know that he had not yet arrived at the termination of his trials. Besides the loss of his office of gardener, for the chateau now become the property of the government, he found himself repulsed from every place where he sought for employment, and either through fear or dislike, his neighbors, one and all, turned coldly from him, often with words of contumely and abuse.

To be continued.

THE CATHEDRAL OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

THE brighter features of the glory of a nation, and the darker shades of its shame and disgrace, are frequently concentrated around the public churches; and more especially, the cathedral of the metropolis. Hence we find, how much of the history of England is interwoven as it were, with the church of "Old St. Paul's." On the site of the modern building, with its dingy honors of smoke and soot, and where the stranger cannot enter unless he pay his fee, as to a house of exhibition and public entertainment, there stood in the days of our Catholic ancestors, an edifice of more humble pretensions, but dedicated to Christian worship. It is said to have been destroyed in the persecution of the Emperor Diocletian, to have been replaced by another in the reign of Constantine, which was in its turn demolished during the Saxon invasion. The pious King Sebert (a vassal of Ethelbert of Kent), in 603 raised a third church of more suitable dimensions; and this endured till the last year of the Conqueror, when it also perished in the great conflagration of 1086. At this period the nave of the venerable edifice of "Old St. Paul's" was commenced, during the episcopacy of Bishop Mauritius; but neither that prelate nor his successor was able to complete the undertaking, though each of them presided over the see of London twenty years, and expended great sums in the prosecution of it. The nave was 290 feet in length, and 120 in breadth; the height of the vaulting was 102 feet. Richard de Beames, the successor of Mauritius, appropriated the whole revenues of his bishopric to the carrying on of the work; he commenced the transepts in 1120, and they were completed by Bishop Fitznell in 1199. The choir seems to have been commenced about the same time as the transepts, but was destroyed by fire in 1135; the eastern part of the church must have been speedily restored, for we find that in 1148 the body of the holy Bishop Erconwald was removed from the middle of the church by a solemn translation, and deposited on the east wall above the high altar. The choir was recommenced by Bishop William de Sancta Maria, in 1220, and completed by his successor, Eustace de Fauconberg, together with the chapter house; the height of the vaulting of the eastern part of the church was 188 feet. The cloisters of "Old St. Paul's" were erected by Bishop Henry Wingham, in 1260; they were two stories in height, and environed what was called "Pardon Church Yard:" but they were only 91 feet in extent. These cloisters were destroyed in 1549, by the Protector Somerset, and the materials employed in the construction of Somerset House. The Lady-chapel was built in the year 1310, during the episcopacy of Ralph Baldock. The tower of "Old St. Paul's" rose to the height of 260 feet, and was surmounted by a spire (the first of the

kind built in England), giving an additional height of 274 feet; making a total elevation of 534 feet. This spire was destroyed by lightning in 1561. The whole space occupied by the cathedral was three acres, one rood and six perches; it was formerly encompassed by a wall with six gate-houses. The grand ceremony of the consecration of "Old St. Paul's," took place in 1240, though it was not till the year 1315 that the church was completed; being 225 years from the time of its first foundation by Bishop Mauritius.

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The famous "Paul's Cross," which stood before the church, was a pulpit of wood, mounted on steps of stone, and the roof covered with lead. It was in use as early as 1259; was rebuilt by Bishop Kemp in 1449, and finally destroyed by order of parliament for the demolition of all crosses, in 1643. From it, the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday in the forenoon, and to it the court, the mayor of London, the aldermen and principal citizens used to resort. It was appropriated not only to instruct by preaching, but for every purpose, political and ecclesiastical; for giving force to oaths, for promulgating laws, and for the private ends of ambitious princes. Here was preached the sermon proclaiming the illegitimacy of the children of Edward the Fourth, foreshadowing the fate of the two princes afterwards smothered in the Tower, at the instigation of their cruel uncle, Richard the Third. Here was preached the celebrated sermon by Bishop Ridley, in favor of Lady Jane Grey, declaring the daughters of Henry the Eighth bastards, and incapable of inheriting the crown; and here on the day when Cardinal Pole made his public entry into London, Bishop Gardiner preached his celebrated sermon, inviting all who had abandoned the church in Henry's time, with him or through him, to return to the fold of their fathers and the communion of Christendom; declaring that in the year 1536, he had been commissioned by Henry on his mission to Frankfurt, to make overtures for a reconciliation with the Holy See.

In the cathedral itself, besides the splendid ceremonials of ordinary occurrence, the venerable edifice had witnessed spectacles of a different kind. It had witnessed the citation of Wycliffe by Courtenay, the Bishop of London, for holding and preaching opinions subversive of the general peace of the realm; a tumultuary scene between the citizens of London and John of Gaunt, when the duke, accompanying the accused, and demanding a seat for him (which was denied), and thereupon addressing words of insult and contumely to the prelate, the citizens rose in defence of their bishop, and the duke with difficulty escaped from their resentment by his interposition. It had witnessed the mournful spectacle of the exposition of the bodies of two murdered kings, Richard II and Henry VI; and the obsequies of the first attended by the prince who benefited by his death and was supposed to be accessory to it. To this church repaired

“Oh! my lord,” exclaimed Isabella, breathless with joy, “what may be the word which possesses so great a power?”

“A single word—say ‘yes’ to the proposal I am about to make.” The proud Mussulman, before whom all trembled, seemed to tremble himself before the virtue of an unprotected girl. After a short silence, he resumed: “Not only the liberty of your grandfather, but all the treasures of the rich and powerful Omar are at your disposal, if you will consent to his wishes, and become his bride before the prophet and his law.”

A shriek of horror burst from Isabella; the blood rushed violently back to her heart—that moment seemed her last. But returning to the consciousness of her misery, and at the same time to a sense of dignity, she retreated a few paces, and eyeing Omar with an indignant and proud glance, “My lord,” said she, “I am a Christian, and this single word ought to tell you, whether I should accept your proposals. My parents are dearer to me than life, but religion and honor are dearer than my parents. I flattered myself I should find in you a protector, and that you would free my grandfather; I will go and deplore in solitude the error I have cherished, and implore heaven to cause the day of justice and happiness to dawn upon those whom I love.”

At a low whistle from Omar, two slaves appeared. He spoke to them in his own tongue, and they prepared to take Isabella away.

“Tyrant!” she exclaimed, “what right have you to keep me in this infamous place? Am I then your captive?” But resuming the tone of supplication, she conjured Omar to restore her grandfather and give her her liberty. Her tears, however, made no impression on her persecutor, and he coolly replied: “A few days’ reflection will make you more tractable, and teach you that no one may resist with impunity the will of Omar.” And on the motion of the tyrant, they dragged the fainting Isabella from the room.

They conducted her through a vast suite of apartments, opening into one another.

All were furnished with the greatest magnificence; but the luxury of the East had no charms for the unfortunate Isabella. Credulous girl! she had trusted to the generosity of Omar, because she was pure and generous herself; she flattered herself with the hope of breaking her grandfather’s irons, but a chain, which no hand, except that of God, could break or lighten, now pressed heavy upon her.

She opened the window blind and rent the air with cries of sorrow; but they were lost in air, and the echo alone repeated them. Omar heard them, and an infernal smile passed over his lips. He took a malicious pleasure in the despair of his victim, and persuaded himself, that he would conquer her resistance by a slavery which seemed so insupportable to her.

The day following, he ordered her to be brought before him, and spoke to her with a feigned mildness, insinuating that her parents were dead, and that she could adopt no better course, than submit to his proposals. He considered he conferred a favor by becoming a suppliant, when he had the power to command. But his insinuations were as unsuccessful as his threats had been, and Isabella resolutely answered:

“You deceive yourself, my lord, if you fancy I shall yield to your wishes; am not your slave, and you should blush to take advantage of my age, and condition to which I am reduced, still to exercise your tyranny over me. If

have nothing else in the world, I will, with the help of God, preserve my religion and innocence, which I value above all the treasures of the earth. Were I to deny my God, and sacrifice what I hold most precious in the world, I should deserve your contempt, and draw down upon my head the anger of heaven. Do not, then, imagine you will conquer me either by your promises or threats—I despise them both."

Omar had hardly patience to listen to the end. He darted at her a look of fury, and threatened to treat her with the utmost rigor if she did not yield to his wishes; but the heroic virgin stood firm; and throwing herself upon her knees and raising her eyes, bathed in tears, to heaven:

"My God!" she exclaimed, "You who know the danger I am exposed to, protect a feeble being from a ravening wolf. Come to my assistance, and permit me not to fall. No! I will never consent to offend You." And she raised her hands to heaven, as though she expected a visible interposition of God. And God did hear the ardent prayer of His servant. Omar, subdued by an invisible power, pressed her no more, and allowed her to retire.

The captive girl went to her room, and again commended herself to God. She also invoked the Blessed Virgin, the protectress of chaste souls, to obtain by her powerful intercession the strength and patience to support all things for the faith of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.—*The Prison.*

Meanwhile, Isabella's grandfather was in mortal fear for the welfare of his grandchild. He knew that she was in the house, and made every effort to see and speak to her, but without success. By the command of Omar, the old man was always kept in sight; the young lady too was the object of a surveillance not less odious than unjust. She received little, and that, too, unwholesome food; they would hardly allow her to breathe the fresh air at the window; her room door was always shut, her least motion immediately stopped; she might have been the most guilty being on earth, with such rigor was she treated. Three days passed, and Omar's name was mentioned no more. She sometimes addressed her guardians by signs of supplication; but they were deaf to her prayers. Her only hopes were in the tender mercies of God, and the protection of the Blessed Virgin. She had confidently consigned herself to her maternal care, when one morning she was taken from her gloomy cell. She thought at first, that she had to appear once more before the cruel Omar, but she soon discovered her mistake, as they took her by the road to Algiers, where they arrived late at night.

Separated from her grandfather, and deprived of the happiness of seeing and consoling him, she was again shut up in a narrow dungeon, into which the light, even at noontide, hardly penetrated. She was entrusted to the care of an old woman, who placed before her every day, a cup of water, a crust of bread, and some fruit. Judge of the situation of the unfortunate captive! She who had till then lived in plenty, who had never experienced privation—she whose life had flowed on so peacefully, so calmly, sees herself treated as one of the vilest creatures on earth. Shut up in a dark dungeon, condemned to breathe a nauseous and sickly air, alone, without friend, without protector, without support. Her health, which had hitherto been so good, visibly declined; the roses

faded from her cheeks; pale and emaciated, she pined away, like a spectre in her dark dungeon. She expected nothing but death, she even called upon him, as upon a sweet friend, to deliver her from the sorrows which preyed upon her. She did not grieve to die so young, the only thing that caused her sorrow was, that she could not purify her soul by receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church; and that she was about to die in a foreign land, without receiving from her father's and mother's lips the last sigh of love. "Her parents! oh! she would meet them in a happier land, never more to separate;" and burning tears coursed down those cheeks, which death seemed to have tarnished with his livid breath.

As she was occupied with these sad thoughts, the old woman entered. For the first time during two months she spoke to Isabella, and asked her in Spanish how she was.

"I hope," she answered, "that you will not long have the trouble of watching me. The hand of death, I feel, is upon me. But the sooner he comes the better, he will make me happy. My sufferings here will be written in the Book of Life, since it is for God and virtue that I am reduced to this state."

"Poor girl!" replied the old woman, "I will speak to my master, he will take pity on you."

"Is Omar here?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, tell him that the young Isabella dies the victim of her faith and innocence, and hopes she will find favor before her God. Tell him, too, that she dies like a Christian, and pardons her executioner." The woman departed. She returned half an hour after, offered Isabella her arm, and led her to Omar's apartment. He started back at the sight of the young lady, who was more like a spectre than a human being.

Isabella fixed upon him a look of sadness, then gathering up her strength: "Finish your work, my lord," she said, "your victim will shortly appear before her Judge and yours. She need not be your accuser—God, who knows all things, will unravel the web of your iniquities. Enjoy a little longer the fruit of your crimes, keep in slavery those Christians who have never done you wrong—the hour is fixed—vengeance will burst upon you."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Omar, "my anger was almost extinguished, and you enkindle it afresh."

"I have come here to speak the truth, not to inflame your anger. God is my witness that I have pardoned you. My religion commands me to forgive, yours allows you to persecute innocence—judge which is superior."

"What can I do for you," rejoined Omar in a softened tone.

"Give liberty to my grandfather and myself. For myself I demand justice, my grandfather's ransom will soon be found."

"You stand in need of assistance, and you shall have it. When your health is restored, you shall return to Spain." Omar retired, and Isabella, leaning on the arm of the old woman, who was waiting at the door, went back to her prison once more.

But a few moments after, she was taken thence and conducted to a spacious apartment, which commanded a prospect of the harbor. They told her that she had full liberty to go all over the house, but was forbidden to go out. They spoke to her, answered her questions, and promised to gratify her wishes; the

kind built in England), giving an additional height of 274 feet; making a total elevation of 534 feet. This spire was destroyed by lightning in 1561. The whole space occupied by the cathedral was three acres, one rood and six perches; it was formerly encompassed by a wall with six gate-houses. The grand ceremony of the consecration of "Old St. Paul's," took place in 1240, though it was not till the year 1315 that the church was completed; being 225 years from the time of its first foundation by Bishop Mauritius.

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in grand procession, the legates Wolsey and Campeggio, when they came to try the unfortunate question of the divorce; which eventually severed England from the communion of Rome; and perhaps the last grand spectacle seen here was the procession of Queen Elizabeth, attended by her court, in the gorgeous costume of the period, to return thanks for the dispersion of the Spanish Armada. But "Old St. Paul's" had now seen its brightest days; and it was not destined to witness much of the progress of the new religion. In the year 1533 it was robbed of its greatest treasure, the body of St. Erconwald, after having reposed in peace for eight hundred years. In 1561 the spire fell, struck by lightning, and at an early period in the reign of Elizabeth, we find the nave of the church desecrated by the unhallowed tread of the idler, the loungee and the man of business, being converted into a public promenade, under the designation of "Paul's Walk." The fact is alluded to by the great national bard, who in one of his plays makes one of the actors say, "I met him in 'Paul's Walk.'"

From the advent of St. Austin, the English apostle, the cathedral of the Metropolis had seen an unbroken succession of Catholic prelates enter its portals; the last of whom was the celebrated Bishop Bonner, who became the object of vituperation amongst modern historians, for the punishment he inflicted on heretical delinquents, in the reign of Queen Mary. As to the prelate, it is only fair to record, that he frequently complained of being called upon to do other men's work; and it is a well known fact, that the neighboring diocesans and magistrates were at this period constantly sending those accused of heretical delinquency to the prisons of the metropolis. With regard to the punishment inflicted on these unhappy men, we ought to bear in mind, that the heresy of this period generally involved the guilt of treason, endangering the peace of the kingdom, the safety of the government, and the life of the Queen. At the accession of Elizabeth, this defender of the old faith was deprived of his bishopric and committed to the Tower. On the way to his place of confinement, a brief dialogue took place, which, while it characterizes the fanatical resentment of the new religionists, shews, at the same time, the calm unbending demeanor of the prelate. A spectator insultingly addressed him as he passed, with the exclamation, "Good morrow! Bishop quondam." Bonner coolly replied, as he pursued his way, "Farewell, knave semper." The last Catholic prelate of "Old St. Paul's" died in the Marshalsea prison, after a nine years' incarceration, and was buried in the cemetery of the church of St. George, in Southwark, under the east window.

In the reign of James I, the church of "Old St. Paul's" having fallen to decay, a Royal Commission was issued for its repair, but nothing of consequence was done till the advancement of Laud to the see of London, in the succeeding reign. This prelate exerted himself zealously in favor of the neglected building. A subscription was collected to the amount of £100,000, and Inigo Jones was appointed to superintend the undertaking. He commenced his operations in 1633, and the work went rapidly forward till the breaking out of the civil war, which threw all things into confusion, when the parliament confiscated the unexpended money and materials. At the Restoration the repairs were again commenced; but after much labor and expense, the great conflagration of 1666 destroyed the chief part of the building, and irreparably damaged the remainder. After several ineffectual attempts to repair the ancient fabric, every vestige of the original edifice was demolished; and we are told, such was

the massiveness of the walls, that repeated efforts were required to level them with the ground. In the work of demolition, the rules of common decency and respect for the dead seem to have been utterly neglected. The great St. Austin once observed, "that in the ashes of the dead, he honored the seeds of immortality:" but though the German Reformer expressed a great respect for the holy doctor, his English followers appear to have frequently despised his opinions on this head, even during seasons of public tranquility. Hence we find the learned antiquary, Dugdale, at this period lamenting, that they had lately seen the destruction of this magnificent church, which he styles "the glory of our nation;" and stating that the monuments of many of our famous men were torn to pieces, and their bones and dust pulled out of their graves. Here were the monuments of sixteen bishops, and amongst other eminent individuals interred here, was the redoubtable John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III, uncle to Richard II and father to Henry IV. The body of the holy Saxon king, Sebba, they found, embalmed with perfumes and clothed with rich robes; and several bishops in their proper habits; but, adds the diligent antiquary, a ring or two with rubies, or a chalice, was all that was obtained to gratify the avarice of these violators of the tomb. Such was the fate of "Old St. Paul's." The first stone of the modern building was laid in 1675, and the fabric was completed in 1710; on which occasion, Queen Anne, attended by her Court and the houses of Lords and Commons, repaired to the new church in grand procession. From that time to the present, if we except the interment of Nelson, the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, there have been few facts of national interest connected with the modern edifice. All the most interesting periods of our history are interwoven with the glory of the olden times, and with "Old St. Paul's."—*London "Lamp."*

ON FRIENDSHIP.

We feel a joy in gazing on a soft, blue, azure sky,
 When spring-tide decks the flow'ry vale, and charms the wand'ring eye;
 Or seated by some sparkling brook on some fine summer's day,
 To muse, or watch its varied course, as flinging up its spray,
 It quarrels with each moss-grown stone it meets with in its path
 In puny rage: until at last it spends its useless wrath.
 There's pleasure in a woody glen, on some fine starry night,
 To watch the soft and virgin moon shed forth her silv'ry light;
 But what are these, or any joys, when to them we compare
 Friendship? that living state, in which two earthly bodies share
 One living soul—one loving heart—one undivided mind;
 And in each other's grief or woe an equal grief or pleasure find.
 Oh! tell me not that friendship is but an empty sound—
 A hollow word—a phrase—a thing, in which no truth is found;
 For though in this fast fleeting world most things live but a day,
 Still the holy tie of friendship true shall never fade away;
 But when we've run our earthly course shall fly with us above,
 And from an earthly friendship turn to one pure flame of love.

THE SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

DEVOTION to the Mother of God has ever been the distinguishing mark of the true and fervent Christian. Indeed, it is worthy of remark, that those nations, as well as individuals, which have been most faithful to God and loyal to the Church, have been most distinguished for their ardent devotion to the Queen of Heaven. It is also a matter of history, that those who have lost their respect and reverence for the name of Mary, have sooner or later lost their faith in Catholicity. Hence the Church has always encouraged among her children a tender devotion to this spotless Virgin, by establishing festivals in her honor, and opening to her clients her choicest treasures, being fully aware that no one can truly honor the Mother and dishonor the son.

Among the many festivals in honor of Mary, there are few whose return are hailed with more pleasure by her devout clients than that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, celebrated on the sixteenth of the present month; particularly on account of its close connection with one of the most beautiful and wide-spread devotions to the Mother of God—the *Scapular*. To the subject, then, of this devotion, we invite our readers, confining ourselves chiefly to its history. And herein we avail ourselves of a valuable treatise on this subject, which we transcribe from that excellent work, *The Sacramentals*. The learned author, after speaking of the beauty and harmony of the numerous religious orders in the Catholic Church, thus proceeds:

“Numerous as are the differences in origin, mode of life and aim of the Religious Orders, they all, without exception, agree in cultivating and propagating a most tender devotion to Mary, the Mother of God, and many of the most beautiful and touching practices of piety in her honor, now existing in the Church, have been introduced by them. The Rosary is a Dominican devotion, and an unwavering faith in the Immaculate Conception, and a burning love for that greatest of Mary’s privileges, next to the Divine Maternity, characterized the Seraphic Order of St. Francis, centuries before the mystery was defined to be an article of faith. Devotion to the Sacred Name of Mary found a home in the Cistercian Order, a nestling place in the heart of the greatest of its abbots, the illustrious St. Bernard of Clairvaux: *respice stellam, voca Mariam: look to the star, call on Mary , in dangers, in troubles and in doubts think of Mary, call on Mary*, were the words, sweet as honey, that distilled from his glowing lips which the coal of Mary’s love had touched. The Society of Jesus, the bulwark of the Church in modern times, shows its devotion to Mary by establishing, in the colleges under its direction, sodalities and confraternities in her honor. The two Scapulars* of which we are now about to treat have been given by God to His Church through the instrumentality of Religious Orders; the Brown Scapular, or that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, was introduced by the Carmelites; the Red Scapular, by the Lazarists.

“This agreement of all the Orders in devotion to the Blessed Virgin, though differing in so many other devotions, proves that it is not one of several modes of manifesting the vital energy of the Church, but one which is an integral

* Scapular, from its Latin derivation, means a shoulder garment.

and essential part of the Christian system. Mary is not, as Father Faber shows in his *Growth in Holiness*, a mere appendage or ornament of true religion: she is the mystical neck uniting the Church to Jesus, its Head: she is so completely interwoven, like a golden thread, in the web of Christian doctrine, that to separate her from it is to destroy it. The particular manner of honoring her may vary with times and countries and dispositions, but the devotion itself will live on through the ages to be transplanted with the Church Militant, when time has ceased to be, to those happy courts over which Mary presides as Queen.

"These general remarks have led us away from our immediate subject, the Scapular of Mount Carmel, yet they may be useful in showing how all devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and all the Sacramentals which concern her are expressions of one great truth—that Mary is to be revered because of her connection with Jesus.

"The Carmelites claim to be one of the oldest Orders in the Church, tracing their descent from the immediate disciples of the Prophets Elias and Eliseus, who lived more than eight hundred years before the coming of our Lord. They derive their name from Carmel, a mountain of Palestine, on which the first religious of the Order built their cells. Whether they can make good their claims to so venerable an antiquity is not for us to determine; from the end of the twelfth century, however, their history is clear and reliable. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave them a rule in 1209, which was afterwards approved by the Holy See. The troubles consequent upon the continual irruptions of the Saracens into Palestine induced the good religious to look out for a safer asylum, and one in which they would be able to practise, in its perfection, their rigorous rule. Accordingly, they passed into Europe, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and rapidly spread through the different Christian kingdoms, owing to the protection and favor of the Holy See, and the ability and zeal of the Generals of the Order. One of the most illustrious of those Generals was Simon Stock. He was an Englishman by birth, and, from his early years, was remarkable for the austerity and stainless innocence of his life and his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Mary rewarded his confidence and love, as she did those of his contemporary, St. Dominic. She appeared to him in a vision and delivered to him the Brown Scapular, promising special graces to those who should devoutly wear it. The new devotion was eagerly embraced by all ranks of society; the priest, the king, the noble and the commoner prided themselves on wearing the livery of the Queen of Heaven. The Popes approved it by granting indulgences to it and establishing a festival in its honor. And thus it has continued in the Church until our day, the holy rival of the Rosary in winning souls to the love of Mary and her Divine Son.

"Some may smile at a devotion based on no better foundation than a vision. Yet they cannot deny, without rejecting the Bible and the testimony of ecclesiastical and profane history, the occurrence of visions in past times. If supernatural interferences have taken place, they may take place again; and whether such has been the case in any particular instance can be ascertained by the rules of historical criticism. Now, in regard to St. Simon Stock, we have the testimony of his secretary, Suvanigrón, who, relating the vision, says, *hanc ego immeritus, homine Dei dictante, scribelam: this account I have written, though unworthy of the honor, under the dictation of the man of God*. His testimony has been received, after standing the test of an historical and theological sifting,

by every unprejudiced mind that has examined the subject. It is confirmed by the high sanctity of the parties in the transaction, by the miracles, attested under oath, wrought by means of the Scapular, and by the spiritual blessings conferred on those who devoutly wear it.

"The advantages which the Scapular procures us are threefold: it puts us under the particular protection of Mary; it gives us a participation in all the good works of the Carmelite Order, and places within our reach numerous indulgences.

"When we put on the blessed Scapular, we clothe ourselves with the uniform of Mary's army, we enroll ourselves under her banner, we choose her for our Mother and our Queen. Like the domestics of the wise woman, whose praise is in the Book of Proverbs, we are clothed with double garments to protect us against the cold winds and storms of spiritual adversity. The Scapular is the pledge of the sacred contract that we have entered into with the Blessed Virgin; and if we be faithful to it on our part, she will reward us with the choicest blessings of her Son.

"It is piously believed, to use the words of the Roman Breviary (in the Lessons of the 16th of July), that Mary will obtain a speedy release from Purgatory for those who wear the Scapular in life and die a Christian death. There is nothing absurd in this. Jesus is the King of Purgatory; then Mary must be Queen. Is it not natural to suppose that she is the Mediatrix of pardon for the suffering souls, as she is of grace and mercy for us? And what day more suitable to exercise her intercession for them than Saturday, which the Church has consecrated to her honor? Of course it would be the sin of superstition to believe that a person dying in mortal sin could escape the fires of hell by the fact of wearing Mary's livery. Nor need we suppose that God's justice remits, in favor of the members of the Scapular Confraternity, any of the Purgatorial punishment due to sin. It can crowd into an hour, by increase of intensity, sufferings which otherwise might be protracted through years.

"The devotion of the Scapular beautifully illustrates the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints; it associates us to all the good works of the Carmelites. Their satisfactions for sin becomes ours, their impetrations for blessings belong to us. The Scapular is the key to the rich treasure of graces which, for centuries, has been accumulating in the Church by the Masses and missionary labors, and studies and toil, and praying and watching and fasting of holy Carmelites all over the world. Our own poor penances for the sins of our past life are little worth, but joined to the superabundant satisfactions of the Saints, they are increased in value a thousand fold.

"The indulgences annexed to the Scapular afford another illustration of the Communion of Saints. By gaining them we cancel the debt of temporal punishment due to our transgressions; we offer to God, in place of our satisfactions, those of Christ, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. Yet various acts are required on our part to appropriate them; we must free our souls from the stain of sin by cooperating with God's holy grace, which urges us to receive the Sacrament of Penance, and we must fulfil the other conditions prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff in the grant of the indulgence. The day of admission into the Confraternity of the Scapular, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, on the 16th of July, and the hour of death, have a plenary indulgence annexed to them. The numerous partial indulgences may be found in most

manuals of devotion. To participate in the benefits of the Confraternity it is necessary to receive the Scapular from a priest who has been empowered to give it, and to wear it constantly. It is also advised that the members should recite daily seven *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys*, or the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

"These, then, are the blessings which Mary offers us if we assume her habit; but in doing so we contract the obligation of serving her as faithful vassals and imitating her virtues, in proportion to our grace. He who professes himself her client, and yet neglects the duties of his state of life, insults her and incurs the anger of her Son. No exterior symbols will profit us if the interior spirit be wanting; the Scapular will not save us if we lead bad lives, any more than will the livery of his country screen the coward or the deserter from his merited punishment.

"When the Prophet Elias passed from earth, in a chariot of fire, he dropped his robe to his faithful follower, Eliseus. The disciple cast the garment about his shoulders, and, at the same moment, the spirit of his departed master was infused into his heart. So it should be with us. Mary's Scapular hangs around the neck to no purpose, unless the soul clothe itself with the virtues that she practised. Let us apply to ourselves what St. Paul wrote to the Galatians: *for as many of you as have been baptized in Christ have put on Christ*—as many of us as have received the Scapular of Mary, have put on Mary.

"It is related of Boleslas IV, King of Poland, 'that he always carried about with him the portrait of his father, as the witness and guide of his actions. Whenever he had to pass any decree or engage in any important affair, he looked at the image of his parent and pronounced these admirable words: O, my father! do not permit me to dishonor the blood that flows in my veins; do not permit that my tongue should utter any word, or my hand perform any action, unworthy of thy name and my high rank.' In like manner, when we look at the Scapular and the image of Mary attached to it, let us cry out with a holy enthusiasm: 'O, Sweet Mother! do not suffer us to dishonor thy name or the title of thy children.'"

We will append here a few of the many well-authenticated miracles which have been wrought by virtue of the Scapular:

At the siege of Montpelier, in the year 1622, a soldier named M. de Beauregard was struck by a musket ball, but did not receive the slightest wound. He staggered, but did not fall, like a man who had merely received a slight blow. He was instantly undressed, when it was perceived that the ball, after penetrating his clothes, rested on the Scapular which he wore, where it stopped, thus evidently proving that to it he owed the preservation of his life. Louis XIII, King of France, who witnessed this miracle himself, immediately put on this piece of heavenly armor also. This miracle is placed beyond doubt, as it was witnessed by a numerous army.

Monsieur de Cuge, cornet of a company of horse, was wounded at Tefin, in the year 1636, by a cannon ball, which, passing through his left side, had torn his heart to pieces, so that naturally he could not live a moment. Nevertheless, Almighty God, by the intercession of the glorious Virgin, gave him time to repent, for he was in mortal sin (as he afterwards declared), and prolonged his life for three or four hours, during which time he made his confession, and with his own hands wrote his last will and testament; which being done, the surgeon came to search his wounds, and found that the bullet had driven the

Scapular into his heart. On its being drawn out, he presently expired, making many acts of profound gratitude towards the sacred Virgin, who prolonged his life in a miraculous manner, and preserved him from eternal death.

The remarkable occurrence is well known that happened to a certain soldier, who was discovered three days after the battle of Senef (1674), grasping in one hand the Scapular, in the other a Rosary, and calling for a priest to confess his sins, although covered with mortal wounds. Besides other wounds, he had received on the head a deadly stroke from a sabre, and a musket ball had pierced his head from side to side, so that his brains were seen on each side protruding from the wound. Those who were appointed to take charge of the wounded, considered him to be dead, and were passing him by unheeded; but he implored them to take pity on him, and to carry him with them, as he wished to confess. They carried him off the field; the army chaplain happening to be there at the moment, the dying soldier confessed his sins, and did not depart this life until after having received absolution.

In the year 1719, the hamlet of Ballon, in the Diocese of Metz, was threatened with destruction by fire, which had suddenly broken out, when the confidence of the inhabitants in the protection of our Lady of Mount Carmel induced them to cast a Scapular into the flames; the fire instantly abated, and the Scapular was found miraculously preserved on a burning rafter. The Bishop of Metz had an attestation of the above drawn up, which was signed and sealed by him; in this document, after relating the miracle, he says: "All the circumstances of this event plainly prove that the Almighty intended to reward the faith and confidence which had been shown in the Blessed Virgin, by a public and well-authenticated miracle; therefore, we ordain, in order to preserve the remembrance of so signal a favor, as well as to promote the edification of the faithful, and an increase of devotion to our Blessed Lady, which is grounded on the tradition of the whole Church, that on the second Sunday of July, every year, in perpetuity, there shall be added to the pious ceremonies and devotions practised by the members of the Confraternity of the Scapular, a procession round the hamlet of Ballon, after which the *Te Deum* shall be sung, in thanksgiving for the miracle, with which it hath pleased the Divine Goodness to honor the said place, as well as to encourage the faith and devotion of those who have recourse to God, by a praiseworthy confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Mary."

Father Theophilus Raynaud, of the Society of Jesus, says that the daughter of a merchant at Toulon, having fallen dangerously ill at the age of four years, was suddenly cured, on her parents' making a vow to have her enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular; but they having neglected for some years to fulfil their promise, the child was attacked with a disease still more serious than the first, so much so, that the physicians unanimously declared that it was impossible she could recover. The parents then remembering their vow, hastened to make the sick child adopt the livery of Mary, and she was instantly restored to perfect health. In token thereof, the parents placed a picture with an inscription in the chapel of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, that it might serve as a memorial of the infinite goodness of God to the members of the Confraternity of the Scapular.

CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

No. VII.—*The Visitation.* (July 2d.)

WHEN the celestial messenger, the Archangel Gabriel, on his commission from the Most High, suddenly appeared to Mary in her humble dwelling at Nazareth, and announced to her the mystery of the world's redemption, about to be accomplished by her coöperation, the astonished and confused Virgin was hardly less surprised to hear that her cousin Elizabeth, though old and barren, had already conceived, and would soon give birth to a son. She answered meekly: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word;" the Archangel returned to his celestial abode, and the humble Virgin, having adored and prayed, endeavored to perform as usual her ordinary occupations. But it was in vain that she tried to keep her thoughts under restraint. New ideas, more exalted than ever, took possession of her soul. She felt that the time of miracles was come, and although it was a long journey from Nazareth to Hebron, which lay in the mountain country of Judea, she resolved to visit Elizabeth, over whom the hand of the Lord had been so signally extended. She set out then with Joseph, fully aware that it was no mere family duty she was going to fulfil. She who was to bring forth the Saviour of the world, must have known many things beforehand; she must have known that Elizabeth's infant was to be the precursor of her own, and that she was going to sanctify him by embracing his mother.

Engaged in the tranquil duties of her household, all at once the pious spouse of Zachary hears a well-known voice, that of her cousin Mary, the wife of Joseph, and like him descended from the house of David. At the very first words, Elizabeth felt her infant start, and suddenly filled with the Holy Ghost, she cried out:

"Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to visit me?"

"For behold as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy.

"And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord."

Then the humble Virgin, who was to become a mother without losing her virginal purity, felt herself also possessed from on high, and replied to Elizabeth in the following great and prophetic words:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord:

"And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour.

"Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for, behold, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed.

"For he that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is his name.

"And his mercy is from generation to generation, to them that fear him.

"He hath showed might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.

"He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

"He hath received Israel, his servant, being mindful of his mercy.

"As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed, for ever."

Call to mind for a moment the state of the world at the period when this scene took place in the mountains of Judea, and bow down before this divine wisdom, which to regenerate and save mankind, has recourse, not to the might and grandeur of the earth, but to two poor women, living, simple and pure, in the love of God!

Oh! what exalting, what sublime conversations Mary and Elizabeth must have had together during the three months of the visit! Like the prophets, both must have had visions of the future. The aged mother of the precursor must have regarded with extraordinary respect and veneration the young Virgin who was to bring forth a God; for, according to St. Augustine, it is to be presumed that Elizabeth knew by revelation what Mary's modesty concealed—the mystery of the Incarnation—and that thus she explained the extraordinary sensations she experienced as soon as Mary's sweet voice reached her ear. It was the servant leaping with joy on the arrival of the master, the lamp flashing up at the approach of the light.

The Fathers have supposed that the movement of St. John in his mother's womb was a proof, not only of his homage to Christ, of whom he was the precursor, but also of his own sanctification, that he had been sanctified before his birth by the word of the Virgin. The visit then of Mary to the mother of John, of him who was to shine in the eyes of men like a blazing lamp, who was to be a prophet and more than a prophet, was something more than a duty required by the ties of kindred and friendship; it was a solemn interview of two women, humble indeed and ignorant, but who knew more regarding the salvation of the world than all the philosophers and scholars in the universe. Accordingly, the Church, desirous to preserve and to consecrate the commemoration of this visit, has appointed the second of July for its celebration, making it immediately follow the octave of the nativity of St. John the Baptist. To give this day its full solemnity, the Liturgy takes care to repeat all the words of the two inspired women, with the Angelical Salutation; and the *Magnificat*, one of the most beautiful psalms to be found in all sacred poetry, is sung by the priests standing, and swinging the censer before the image of the Virgin that was the first to sing it.

Many an age has rolled over the world since the day when a daughter of the royal line of David started with her husband from their poor dwelling in Nazareth to see her relation in Hebron, among the mountains of Judea. And among all the great events, all the catastrophes, all the changes of empires and kingdoms, how has this visit from one poor woman to another survived oblivion? Simply because religion, conferring immortality on whatever it takes under its protection, has been desirous that the day when the mother of Christ reposed beneath the roof of the mother of the precursor, should not pass by unnoticed. On any of the great festivals of the year, if in one of our old cathedrals, you can see the priests suddenly rise from their stalls, and the bishop or archbishop descend from his throne, placed near the altar; he leaves the choir of the deacons, subdeacons and vicars; canons alone accompany him; choristers with

tapers, acolytes with golden censers, precede and follow him. Whither does he go?

All go together to the chapel of the Virgin, because the choir has just intoned the *Magnificat*, because the words that Mary uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago in the house of Elizabeth, are now swelling beneath the vaulted roof of Christ's temple.

This homage to the Virgin of Nazareth is rendered to her not only on grand festivals and in our old cathedrals; now, on every Sunday, in every church, whether of the grandest city or the humblest hamlet, the Cantic of the Blessed Virgin is, next to the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the most solemn part of the evening office.

The organ, like the voice of heaven, and the people, like the voice of earth, alternate the verses of this magnificent psalm. In the prophetic words of the inspired Virgin, every one can find a lesson, a hope, or a consolation. The poor and the weak are consoled for their littleness by the verse: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour, because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid:" and the powerful and arrogant tremble at the words: "He hath showed might in his arm; he hath scattered the proud, and put down the mighty from their thrones."

It is religion alone that knows what comes home to the heart of all.

T O - M O R R O W .

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colors display,
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, O how soon it would lessen my anguish!
That *to-morrow* will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet hope that *to-morrow* my wandering will cease;
That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete;
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow may see us most happily meet.

When six days of labor, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a *to-morrow* of endless delight!

But the Infidel, then, he sees no *to-morrow*!
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away:
Poor wretch! can he feel, without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

The last words of Napoleon, after a formal, and it is to be hoped devout compliance with all the rites of the Catholic Church, were—"Tête d'armé," proving that the fitting spirit of the warrior was still hovering amidst the scenes of his ancient glory.

Madame de Stael, who had contracted the evil habit of swallowing opium, indulged it to great excess during her last illness. At intervals of mental consciousness she exclaimed—"My father awaits me on the other shore!" A short time before she expired she said, "I think I now know the nature of our passage from life to death, and I feel assured that the goodness of God alleviates its pang. Our ideas become confused, and our sufferings not very acute."

The famous surgeon Dupuytren, who, during his life, had lent a seeming countenance to the prevailing scepticism and infidelity of the times, upon his death-bed, testified in these words to the great truths of religion: "Whatever freethinkers may say, I am resolved to die in the communion of a faith which I have not always lived up to, but in which I have always placed my confidence."

The last moments of Sir Walter Scott are thus described by his son-in-law: "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you; my dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, shall I send for Sophia and Anne? "No," said he, "don't disturb them, poor souls! I know they were up all night, God bless them all!"

Lord Byron's dying words are reported to have been—"Poor Greece! poor town! my poor servants . . . Why was I not aware of this sooner? . . . My hour is come; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here?" At another moment he said, "There are things which make the world dear to me, for the rest I am content to die." He spoke also of Greece, saying: "I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life; what could I do more?" At length, saying, "I shall now go to sleep," he fell into that slumber from which he never awakened.

Madame Roland, who fell a victim to that very revolutionary frenzy of which her own writings and advocacy had fanned the flame, inclined herself, on the scaffold, towards the statue of liberty, and exclaimed, "Oh! liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The reconciliation effected by that modern Machiavel, Talleyrand, on his death-bed, with the Catholic Church, partook of the wariness which had distinguished every action of his life. Protocol after protocol had been exchanged with ecclesiastical authority, before terms of adjustment could be finally arranged; so that the ex-episcopal diplomat's revived spirit of religion seemed less like the ordinary terror of death-bed repentance, than a calm predetermination to go out of the world respectably enough to entitle himself to Christian burial. His last moments were characteristic of the man. The attendants were reciting by his bed-side the prayers for the dying, which he appeared too senseless to understand; but upon invocation being made of Saints Charles and Maurice, the patron name-sakes of the expiring man, he opened his eyes,

a smile of complacency gleamed across his countenance, indicative, as it were, of consciousness and acknowledgment, and he quietly breathed his last.

David Hume died in a quiescent state of confirmed atheism,—of all degrees of spiritual blindness the most fearful.

The infidel Mirabeau compared himself, on his death-bed, to Achilles. "Hold up my head, it is the soundest one in France," he observed to one of his attendants. To a friend that visited him, he exclaimed: "My friend, I shall die to-day. Nothing now remains but to wrap ourselves in perfumes. You promised to spare me all needless suffering." He then clamored repeatedly for opium, and died under its influence.

Of David, the French historical painter, who, during the frenzy of the French revolution, officiated as master of the ceremonies in the revival and arrangement of the Pagan pomps organized to supplant Christianity,—the last words were, in allusion to his own picture of the Thermopylæ, a sketch of which had been placed before him: "I alone could have imagined the head of Leonidas!"

So strongly impressed were habits of business, combined with a certain happy quaintness of humor, on the mind of the late eminent Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, that upon his physicians taking leave of him, a short time previously to his dissolution, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you are discharged," the words in ordinary use, addressed by a judge to the jury, upon releasing the latter from their official duties.

George IV seems to have experienced, and closely analyzed, as it were, the very nature of the death pang. For it is recorded of his last moments, that, being rather suddenly seized with some violent spasm, he exclaimed: "Oh, this is death!" and immediately expired.

Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher, died reciting the Psalms in Hebrew.

When, staggering beneath the fatal blows of his assassins, St. Thomas of Canterbury felt the blood trickling down his face, he joined his hands and bowed his head, saying: "In the name of Christ, and for the defence of his Church, I am ready to die." In this posture, turned towards his murderers, without a groan, and without a motion, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees; the third laid him on the floor, at the foot of St. Bennet's altar. The upper part of his skull was broken in pieces, and Hugh of Horsea, planting his foot on the archbishop's neck, with the point of his sword drew out the brains, and strewed them over the pavement.

Bayard, the mirror of Catholic chivalry, when he received his death-wound, exclaimed: "Jesus, mon Dieu! je suis mort." He refused to be removed from the mêlée, saying that he had no mind at that last hour to turn his back for the first time upon an enemy. Feeling his end approach, with instinctive devotion, he grasped and embraced the hilt of his sword, in which his fancy recognized the form of a crucifix, and confessed his sins to his esquire at arms. Just before he died, the constable of Bourbon approached, and loudly deplored the impending event; but Bayard exclaimed: "It is not I that need compassion, but rather you who are fighting against your king and country!"

When the holy viaticum was brought into the death-chamber of St. Theresa, she exclaimed: "Come, Lord! the hour is then at hand when I am to leave this abode of exile—the moment of my deliverance is near." She expired reciting many times over the Psalm "Miserere," and repeatedly dwelling on the verse: "A contrite and humble heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise."

A PARABLE.

THERE was a certain Lord, whose vast possessions stretched thro' all climates, from the northern regions where the polar bear and reindeer live, to the tropics where the land runs over with gorgeous fruits and flowers. Game and fish, from field and flood, were his, and the life-sustaining wheat in abundance. His affections were also as large as his domains. Having spread his table with the products of either clime, he invited three guests to partake of his bounty.

The first, entering with a kind of swagger, sat down without saluting his host; thinking, doubtless, that he was perfectly on a level with him who gave him the invitation. He helped himself greedily to the richest dishes within his reach; muttering in his heart, "I have a perfect right to the best on this table; and I mean to have it too; why should I be asked to come here, if it were not to fill me with good things and enjoy myself?"

The second guest, on entering, bowed his head, and, with a thankful heart, helped himself also; but from a very proper respect and delicacy he refrained from the finest dishes; thinking, that altho' it was lawful to enjoy the best sometimes, usually it was sufficient to give the body what would strengthen it, and enable him to attend to his business.

The third, before seating himself, bowed in deep humility, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes said: "Most bounteous Lord! out of your abundant goodness you have called me hither; I see your immense riches and power; I see, by comparison, my own weakness and poverty; suffer me in thy kindness to satisfy my hunger with a little of this bread, and my thirst with a cup of this water, so that not being overburdened with food I may listen to thy conversation; for that, in my estimation, is of more value than these rich viands."

They were all permitted to please themselves.

The first mentioned guest, having done such justice to the good things, felt rather heavy and stupid; and to enliven his spirits and assist digestion, had recourse to the wine, which he took to excess. This only made matters worse; his head dropt on his breast and he went into a kind of apoplectic sleep; whereat the host called a black servant and had him removed.

The second guest did not feel drowsy in the least, but recollecting that he had a railway to build, which was to do great things for commerce and civilization, and return large dividends, he started up suddenly, and thanking his kind host, took his leave.

The third guest, filled with admiration and love, remained with the master of the feast. His soul was so elevated by divine conversation with him, that he resolved at once to leave whatever business he had in the world, that he might serve and contemplate, without disturbance, this beneficent and wonderful Lord.

B.

'Tis ever thus in holy things,
The more we seek the sacred springs,
More fresh and deep their bounty flows,
More calm beneath the skies repose—
Often'r we turn, more love we learn,
And learning more, more thither turn.

ISABELLA; OR, THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 300.

CHAPTER IV.—*The Interview.*

THE rising sun found Isabella ready for departure, and inwardly accusing the tardiness of her hostess. She soon came, however, to join her young friend. They set out, called upon their guide, and with her directed their steps towards the palace of the rich Omar.

This was the name of the powerful man, whose slave Isabella's grandfather was. To an immense fortune he joined a despotic will, which made him the terror of the whole country: did Isabella know how to gain his favor, perhaps she might obtain, even without ransom, the liberty of her grandfather; but in the contrary case, she might forfeit her own liberty as the price of her audacity.

Such were the details given to Isabella by her good hostess, who trembled at her temerity; but filial love knows not fear, and Isabella was capable of one sentiment only—that of seeing and saving her grandfather.

Full of these thoughts, she, with her guides, came to a gate, which was opened by a slave.

For the slaves this was the hour of repose. The heat was excessive. The unfortunate Christians condemned to the service of Omar, were lying on mats in a large workhouse, waiting till the voice of the pitiless surveyor should call them to fresh toil. One of them held a book in his hand: a deep sorrow was expressed on his countenance, but he seemed calm and resigned.

Isabella advanced to the middle of the workhouse. Her quick eye wandered in a moment over those thirty individuals, who were more like spectres than living men: and the paleness of their emaciated cheeks told but too clearly of the privations and miseries they had to undergo. She saw her grandfather sitting in a corner.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "it is he;" and with lightning speed was in his arms. She kissed, she embraced the old man—words could not express her joy—her tears and sighs told all.

But who may describe the surprise of the old man, at the sight of his grandchild! He could not believe his eyes—he thought his senses deceived them, he repelled the amiable creature who clung to him so fondly; it is not Isabella that he sees, it is a phantom which sports with his credulity. The old man, however, at length recognised his grand-daughter, yet still could not conceive by what chance he enjoyed so great a happiness. Isabella related all, and tears of tenderness rolled down the old man's beard, who was speechless with astonishment at so devoted an attachment.

Meanwhile, the arrival of the young Spanish lady had put all the prisoners in motion; they surrounded Isabella, and, as some of them were Spaniards, put to her a variety of questions about their homes, families and friends; but she could not answer them, as she was unacquainted with the persons whom they spoke of.

While these wretched men, enraptured by the courage of the young lady, were standing around her, the fatal signal was given to resume their toils. Isa-

Isabella was obliged to leave her grandfather and return to the woman who had brought her, and who was waiting for her at the gate. She went back with her to the house of Mirza's mother; and having taken a slight repast, began to reflect what she could do for her grandfather.

"Had I money," said she, "it were an easy matter; I could deliver him without difficulty—but not having any, how shall I present myself before Omar. Still I must not lose courage; who knows but that God will bless my efforts. To-morrow I will go to Omar's country house; I will throw myself at his feet, and conjure him to restore my grandfather. If he has the heart of a man he cannot resist so just a claim, and will surely restore to liberty a man who can be of very little use to him in so advanced an age."

The poor Isabella cheered herself till the morrow with the hope of delivering her grandfather, and this hope sustained her. She found, too, great consolation in prayer, never ceasing to implore the succor of God and the Blessed Virgin. Mirza and her mother, with the most tender affection, endeavored to console her: but how could her thoughts be diverted from dwelling on the uncertainty of her parents' fate? Were they still in life, or had they fallen under the strokes of the Arabs? The thought was torture. And her grandfather, too—oh! with what eagerness did she look for the morrow's dawn—that happy day, which would in part realize her hopes by restoring her grandfather to her embraces! The sun seemed to linger in his course—each minute appeared an hour—so long and tedious was the afternoon. She saw no obstacle to the accomplishment of her desires—so generous was her heart, and so happy was she when doing any one a kindness. And how could she fear that a rich man like Omar would refuse to deliver up an old man without ransom?

Young people, like Isabella, doubt so little of the success of what they desire, that they are quite at a loss to understand the fears of those who think otherwise; it is because they want experience—because they know not men—and are ignorant that the world is nought but a theatre of intrigues—a stage on which the passions of men incessantly appear under a new aspect, where almost all seek their own interests, and scruple not to sacrifice to them every sentiment of honor.

Isabella had still to learn all these secrets of human perversity. The next day she returned to the house of Omar, and asked the porter to present her to his master. The slave was puzzled at such a request, shrugged up his shoulders and muttered some words, the purport of which Isabella did not understand. He left his lodge and went towards a walk overshadowed by orange trees, at the end of which rose an elegant kiosk, surmounted by a tall minaret, on the extremity of which there shone a silver crescent. During the absence of the slave, Isabella had leisure to survey the magnificent garden. Nature and art had equally concurred to embellish the spot. Every thing was enchanting; every obstacle had been overcome, the earth had submitted to the laws which Omar's taste had given her. A little river cast its spray around as it fell from a high artificial rock, and rolled its crystal stream through various channels, whose banks were rendered still cooler by the luxuriant shrubs which grew upon them. Farther on a fountain sent upwards its column of water, which sparkled in the sun-beams and fell like drops of gold, emerald and azure. There shady groves greeted the eye; here marble statues, which seemed to breathe, bronzes taken from Constantinople, and whose presence on the soil of

Africa seemed an anomaly in the midst of triumphant barbarism. A thousand flowers, each more beautiful than the other, every where showed their graceful forms, and their lively colors seemed to dispute the prize of beauty with the ruby, the topaz, and the opal. But the kiosque soon engrossed all Isabella's attention. The edifice was supported by twenty columns of porphyry, and formed a circular inclosure. It was surmounted by a dome, which terminated in a graceful minaret. Large folding doors revealed the beauty of the interior, but the greatest magnificence was lavished on the front. All the arts seemed to have vied with each other in adorning it. On the walls were represented the four seasons: Spring with his young and noble brow crowned with a wreath of flowers; robust Summer, girded with a belt of ripe corn; Autumn holding in his hand a cluster of grapes, gilded by the sunbeams; and Winter with his hair stiffened by the frost. On the opposite side you saw the radiant image of heaven, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the sun and stars.

Isabella had examined these paintings, when the slave returned to tell her that his master was waiting to receive her. She bounded along the orange tree walk, ascended with timid tread the steps of the kiosque, and her heart beating with hope and fear, presented herself before Omar.

He was reclining on a rich and soft carpet. He held a pipe in his hand, whose stalk was woven of gold wire and silk, and which was at least as long as himself. Clouds of smoke escaped from his mouth, and the most exquisite perfumes were burning in a silver perfuming pan, by his side.

A large turban covered his head; from his belt was suspended a dagger, whose handle glittered with mother-of-pearl and gold; the folds of his silken robe showed a well-rounded figure; health and strength appeared on his ruddy countenance, and a thick beard hid his double chin.

Omar was of the middle age; his features exhibited at the same time mildness and severity, his eyes were bright and piercing. Isabella made a profound inclination before him, approached with timid steps, and with faltering voice thus addressed him in Italian: "You will pardon, my lord, the confidence of a young Christian, when you learn the cause which brings her before you. She came with her father and mother from Barcelona, to deliver the head of an unfortunate family. My grandfather was taken in the Genoese sea and brought here. He is your slave. My father raised a large sum of money to redeem him, but we were robbed by the Arabs on our journey from Algiers. My father and mother are perhaps dead, in consequence of the wounds which they received from their assassins, and I have come here alone, trusting to your generosity, to implore your clemency in favor of my grandfather. Had I treasures, I would offer them with all my soul, but I have none to present."

Omar surveyed the young Christian without answering a word.

"For the love of God," continued Isabella, troubled by this silence, "be merciful and restore my grandfather."

"Your grandfather is necessary to me," replied Omar; "he cultivates my flowers better than any one who has yet had the care of them; but useful as he is, I will grant him his liberty on one condition. Say but a word, and he is free; I will make a diligent search after your parents; if they still live, he shall be restored to them; but if otherwise, one of my vessels shall take your grandfather to his native land."

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kind built in England), giving an additional height of 274 feet; making a total elevation of 534 feet. This spire was destroyed by lightning in 1561. The whole space occupied by the cathedral was three acres, one rood and six perches; it was formerly encompassed by a wall with six gate-houses. The grand ceremony of the consecration of "Old St. Paul's," took place in 1240, though it was not till the year 1315 that the church was completed; being 225 years from the time of its first foundation by Bishop Mauritius.

The noble subterranean church of Saint Faith was begun in 1257. It was supported by three rows of massy clustered pillars, with ribs diverging from them to support the roof, and was the parish church. This undercroft (as buildings of the kind were generally called) contained several chantries and monuments. Dugdale relates, that it extended under part of the choir and the structure eastward. No part of it is now left. This ancient cathedral was ever regarded as one of the great works of architecture of the middle ages. Penant says it was a most beautiful Gothic. Its dimensions far exceeded other religious edifices in the country, and it is represented by historians as equally preëminent in magnificence and splendor of ornament.

The famous "Paul's Cross," which stood before the church, was a pulpit of wood, mounted on steps of stone, and the roof covered with lead. It was in use as early as 1259; was rebuilt by Bishop Kemp in 1449, and finally destroyed by order of parliament for the demolition of all crosses, in 1643. From it, the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday in the forenoon, and to it the court, the mayor of London, the aldermen and principal citizens used to resort. It was appropriated not only to instruct by preaching, but for every purpose, political and ecclesiastical; for giving force to oaths, for promulgating laws, and for the private ends of ambitious princes. Here was preached the sermon proclaiming the illegitimacy of the children of Edward the Fourth, foreshadowing the fate of the two princes afterwards smothered in the Tower, at the instigation of their cruel uncle, Richard the Third. Here was preached the celebrated sermon by Bishop Ridley, in favor of Lady Jane Grey, declaring the daughters of Henry the Eighth bastards, and incapable of inheriting the crown; and here on the day when Cardinal Pole made his public entry into London, Bishop Gardiner preached his celebrated sermon, inviting all who had abandoned the church in Henry's time, with him or through him, to return to the fold of their fathers and the communion of Christendom; declaring that in the year 1536, he had been commissioned by Henry on his mission to Frankfurt, to make overtures for a reconciliation with the Holy See.

In the cathedral itself, besides the splendid ceremonials of ordinary occurrence, the venerable edifice had witnessed spectacles of a different kind. It had witnessed the citation of Wycliffe by Courtenay, the Bishop of London, for holding and preaching opinions subversive of the general peace of the realm; a tumultuary scene between the citizens of London and John of Gaunt, when the duke, accompanying the accused, and demanding a seat for him (which was denied), and thereupon addressing words of insult and contumely to the prelate, the citizens rose in defence of their bishop, and the duke with difficulty escaped from their resentment by his interposition. It had witnessed the mournful spectacle of the exposition of the bodies of two murdered kings, Richard II and Henry VI; and the obsequies of the first attended by the prince who benefited by his death and was supposed to be accessory to it. To this church repaired

Signatures 23 and 24 transposed

"Oh! my lord," exclaimed Isabella, breathless with joy, "what may be the word which possesses so great a power?"

"A single word—say 'yes' to the proposal I am about to make." The proud Mussulman, before whom all trembled, seemed to tremble himself before the virtue of an unprotected girl. After a short silence, he resumed: "Not only the liberty of your grandfather, but all the treasures of the rich and powerful Omar are at your disposal, if you will consent to his wishes, and become his bride before the prophet and his law."

A shriek of horror burst from Isabella; the blood rushed violently back to her heart—that moment seemed her last. But returning to the consciousness of her misery, and at the same time to a sense of dignity, she retreated a few paces, and eyeing Omar with an indignant and proud glance, "My lord," said she, "I am a Christian, and this single word ought to tell you, whether I should accept your proposals. My parents are dearer to me than life, but religion and honor are dearer than my parents. I flattered myself I should find in you a protector, and that you would free my grandfather; I will go and deplore in solitude the error I have cherished, and implore heaven to cause the day of justice and happiness to dawn upon those whom I love."

At a low whistle from Omar, two slaves appeared. He spoke to them in his own tongue, and they prepared to take Isabella away.

"Tyrant!" she exclaimed, "what right have you to keep me in this infamous place? Am I then your captive?" But resuming the tone of supplication, she conjured Omar to restore her grandfather and give her her liberty. Her tears, however, made no impression on her persecutor, and he coolly replied: "A few days' reflection will make you more tractable, and teach you that no one may resist with impunity the will of Omar." And on the motion of the tyrant, they dragged the fainting Isabella from the room.

They conducted her through a vast suite of apartments, opening into one another.

All were furnished with the greatest magnificence; but the luxury of the East had no charms for the unfortunate Isabella. Credulous girl! she had trusted to the generosity of Omar, because she was pure and generous herself; she flattered herself with the hope of breaking her grandfather's irons, but a chain, which no hand, except that of God, could break or lighten, now pressed heavy upon her.

She opened the window blind and rent the air with cries of sorrow; but they were lost in air, and the echo alone repeated them. Omar heard them, and an infernal smile passed over his lips. He took a malicious pleasure in the despair of his victim, and persuaded himself, that he would conquer her resistance by a slavery which seemed so insupportable to her.

The day following, he ordered her to be brought before him, and spoke to her with a feigned mildness, insinuating that her parents were dead, and that she could adopt no better course, than submit to his proposals. He considered he conferred a favor by becoming a suppliant, when he had the power to command. But his insinuations were as unsuccessful as his threats had been, and Isabella resolutely answered:

"You deceive yourself, my lord, if you fancy I shall yield to your wishes; am not your slave, and you should blush to take advantage of my age, and condition to which I am reduced, still to exercise your tyranny over me. If

have nothing else in the world, I will, with the help of God, preserve my religion and innocence, which I value above all the treasures of the earth. Were I to deny my God, and sacrifice what I hold most precious in the world, I should deserve your contempt, and draw down upon my head the anger of heaven. Do not, then, imagine you will conquer me either by your promises or threats—I despise them both."

Omar had hardly patience to listen to the end. He darted at her a look of fury, and threatened to treat her with the utmost rigor if she did not yield to his wishes; but the heroic virgin stood firm; and throwing herself upon her knees and raising her eyes, bathed in tears, to heaven:

"My God!" she exclaimed, "You who know the danger I am exposed to, protect a feeble being from a ravening wolf. Come to my assistance, and permit me not to fall. No! I will never consent to offend You." And she raised her hands to heaven, as though she expected a visible interposition of God. And God did hear the ardent prayer of His servant. Omar, subdued by an invisible power, pressed her no more, and allowed her to retire.

The captive girl went to her room, and again commended herself to God. She also invoked the Blessed Virgin, the protectress of chaste souls, to obtain by her powerful intercession the strength and patience to support all things for the faith of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.—*The Prison.*

Meanwhile, Isabella's grandfather was in mortal fear for the welfare of his grandchild. He knew that she was in the house, and made every effort to see and speak to her, but without success. By the command of Omar, the old man was always kept in sight; the young lady too was the object of a surveillance not less odious than unjust. She received little, and that, too, unwholesome food; they would hardly allow her to breathe the fresh air at the window; her room door was always shut, her least motion immediately stopped; she might have been the most guilty being on earth, with such rigor was she treated. Three days passed, and Omar's name was mentioned no more. She sometimes addressed her guardians by signs of supplication; but they were deaf to her prayers. Her only hopes were in the tender mercies of God, and the protection of the Blessed Virgin. She had confidently consigned herself to her maternal care, when one morning she was taken from her gloomy cell. She thought at first, that she had to appear once more before the cruel Omar, but she soon discovered her mistake, as they took her by the road to Algiers, where they arrived late at night.

Separated from her grandfather, and deprived of the happiness of seeing and consoling him, she was again shut up in a narrow dungeon, into which the light, even at noontide, hardly penetrated. She was entrusted to the care of an old woman, who placed before her every day, a cup of water, a crust of bread, and some fruit. Judge of the situation of the unfortunate captive! She who had till then lived in plenty, who had never experienced privation—she whose life had flowed on so peacefully, so calmly, sees herself treated as one of the vilest creatures on earth. Shut up in a dark dungeon, condemned to breathe a nauseous and sickly air, alone, without friend, without protector, without support. Her health, which had hitherto been so good, visibly declined; the roses

faded from her cheeks; pale and emaciated, she pined away, like a spectre in her dark dungeon. She expected nothing but death, she even called upon him, as upon a sweet friend, to deliver her from the sorrows which preyed upon her. She did not grieve to die so young, the only thing that caused her sorrow was, that she could not purify her soul by receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church; and that she was about to die in a foreign land, without receiving from her father's and mother's lips the last sigh of love. "Her parents! oh! she would meet them in a happier land, never more to separate;" and burning tears coursed down those cheeks, which death seemed to have tarnished with his livid breath.

As she was occupied with these sad thoughts, the old woman entered. For the first time during two months she spoke to Isabella, and asked her in Spanish how she was.

"I hope," she answered, "that you will not long have the trouble of watching me. The hand of death, I feel, is upon me. But the sooner he comes the better, he will make me happy. My sufferings here will be written in the Book of Life, since it is for God and virtue that I am reduced to this state."

"Poor girl!" replied the old woman, "I will speak to my master, he will take pity on you."

"Is Omar here?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, tell him that the young Isabella dies the victim of her faith and innocence, and hopes she will find favor before her God. Tell him, too, that she dies like a Christian, and pardons her executioner." The woman departed. She returned half an hour after, offered Isabella her arm, and led her to Omar's apartment. He started back at the sight of the young lady, who was more like a spectre than a human being.

Isabella fixed upon him a look of sadness, then gathering up her strength: "Finish your work, my lord," she said, "your victim will shortly appear before her Judge and yours. She need not be your accuser—God, who knows all things, will unravel the web of your iniquities. Enjoy a little longer the fruit of your crimes, keep in slavery those Christians who have never done you wrong—the hour is fixed—vengeance will burst upon you."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Omar, "my anger was almost extinguished, and you enkindle it afresh."

"I have come here to speak the truth, not to inflame your anger. God is my witness that I have pardoned you. My religion commands me to forgive, yours allows you to persecute innocence—judge which is superior."

"What can I do for you," rejoined Omar in a softened tone.

"Give liberty to my grandfather and myself. For myself I demand justice, my grandfather's ransom will soon be found."

"You stand in need of assistance, and you shall have it. When your health is restored, you shall return to Spain." Omar retired, and Isabella, leaning on the arm of the old woman, who was waiting at the door, went back to her prison once more.

But a few moments after, she was taken thence and conducted to a spacious apartment, which commanded a prospect of the harbor. They told her that she had full liberty to go all over the house, but was forbidden to go out. They spoke to her, answered her questions, and promised to gratify her wishes; the

most exquisite meats were served on her table, and she found herself in another world.

The next day, an Arabian physician was called in to attend her. Convinced that her sickness was caused by the chagrin she had suffered, he prescribed the most simple remedies, but endeavored to raise her spirits by assuring her through an interpreter, that as soon as her strength and health would permit, she should be restored to her country. Isabella trusted to the sincerity of these promises, and by degrees came again to life. To the care which Omar lavished upon her, he added magnificent presents; at one time, he sent her jewels; at another, valuable stuffs; sometimes she found vases of scented water placed on the table—in a word, he omitted no means of effacing the memory of his past conduct, and reconciling himself with her he had so cruelly injured. But the wolf was only covering himself with sheep's clothing, the better to succeed in his projects, and the firmness of the young Christian had to defeat another dangerous temptation, and to prove that the virtue of Isabella was alike inaccessible to presents, as to the harshest treatment and the fear of death.

CHAPTER VI.—*A Plan of Escape.*

The most noble spectacle that earth can offer to the eye of heaven, is that of virtue struggling with adversity. There are circumstances in which man, naturally weak, raises himself on the wings of faith to such a height, that he seems to participate in a superior power, and leaves his blind admirers and stupid detractors far behind him. The soul, tempered by the violence of the persecutions she has suffered, strips herself in a manner, and, as it were, by anticipation, of the appendage of this corruptible nature, to clothe herself with courage which carries her triumphant over the greatest obstacles. The Apostle foresaw this when he said: "And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." Every thing, in effect, is possible to him who believes, and the most extraordinary exertions seem to cost him nothing, because he does them in God, through God, and for God.

Which of us, while reading these pages, is not astonished to see one in so tender an age displaying a heroism so great and sublime, defeat the artifices of a vile persecutor, brave his threats, and remain free amid the snares laid for her innocence! But if she triumphs, it is because she has recourse to the arms with which heaven furnishes her: faith covers her with its protecting shield, prayer fortifies her, vigilance suggests the necessary precautions, and confidence in God, that anchor of salvation, sustains and will not allow her to lose courage. If, on the one hand, we admire her fortitude and perseverance in battling with a powerful and wily enemy, we recoil, on the other, at the sight of a man, unworthy of the name, who persecutes one whose very age should have been her protection, and who tramples upon the holiest sentiments of nature, to insult what he cannot help admiring.

Isabella took advantage of the liberty allowed her, to make inquiries after her parents; she requested the old woman, who seemed devoted to her interest, to procure her ink and paper, but the latter refused through fear of Omar's anger. Isabella still kept up her courage; she formed her plans of escape, and trusted that God would bless them with success. Her health was restored by little and little, and as she was extremely calm, Omar flattered himself that she was

coming over to his wishes, and somewhat released the watch he had established over her.

One evening as the young captive sat at the window, her eyes wandering over the harbor of Algiers, and her thoughts fixed on those she loved, an officer of the Spanish navy passed by. She rapped at the window to attract his attention.

The officer stopped, and was surprised to see one of his countrywomen at the window of an Arab's house.

"I am imprisoned here," said she in a low voice. "Two hours hence bring me if possible a sheet of paper and some ink, roll them up together and throw them to me, and I will tell you all I have got to say."

He nodded assent and disappeared.

Night soon came on, and spread darkness over the city and harbor. Isabella waited with impatience for the return of the officer. He came at length with pen, ink and paper, and threw them up to the prisoner's window.

She caught them, gave the sailor a warm but short acknowledgment, and begged him to return for an answer on the morrow, to the same place and at the same hour. She took advantage of the night, when she was left alone, to commit to writing the history of her misfortunes. She dwelt particularly on the fate of her grandfather, whom she had endeavored to liberate; did not forget the old marabout who had shown so much indignation at the infamous conduct of the Mahometans towards Christians, and concluding by conjuring the officer to exert himself to obtain the liberty of her grandfather in the first place, and then to free her from slavery. Her tears more than once fell upon the paper, as with trembling hand she wrote those lines of sorrow. "Oh! that God would bless the enterprise and break the chains of innocence!"

Isabella was soothed with pleasant hopes. The officer's arrival, thought she, was not the effect of chance; her lively faith taught her to see therein a visible sign of the divine goodness, and her heart gave way to sensations of grateful joy. She concealed her paper, in anxious expectation of the approaching night to deliver the letter to the generous sailor, by whose assistance she hoped her sufferings would be brought to a close. The officer came at the appointed time, took the letter, and promised to do all in his power to remove her from her gloomy situation.

Eight days had passed away; every evening she eagerly looked for the arrival of him whom she regarded as her deliverer, but no officer appeared. What anxiety for the unfortunate girl! Was he a spy of Omar? Was he a base traitor, who had abused her confidence to ruin her? Had he revealed to Omar the project of his victim? No! he certainly belonged to the Spanish navy; not only his language, but uniform made her sure of that. Had he renounced the hope of delivering her? What could be the cause of his absence? Thus reasoned the poor Isabella, and her fears increased every moment. She had flattered herself that her fetters would be broken, and they seemed rivetted more firmly than before. In silent sorrow she counted the lagging hours, and each hour brought with it a new tribute of anxiety. Again she implores with burning fervor, the assistance of our ever blessed Mother.

And who ever had recourse to her and did not find relief? Who ever spoke to her with confidence and was sent away in disappointment? Her radiant and affectionate eye is always upon her children, and she will not let them fall into the nets of the tempter. And confiding to her maternal care, Isabella looked forward to the future, if not with perfect calmness, at least with pious resignation.

To be continued.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BISHOP CHALLONER.

WE take pleasure in transferring to our pages, from a recent number of the *Lamp*, the following brief sketch of the life of the illustrious Bishop Challoner, whose writings are familiar to almost every Catholic :

Dr. Richard Challoner was born at Lewes, in Sussex, 29th September, 1691. His father and mother were Protestants, and had him baptised in that persuasion. His father dying soon afterwards, Providence conducted him to Mr. Go-ther, the learned and pious chaplain of Warkworth, in Northamptonshire, by whom he was instructed in the principles of the Catholic religion.

In 1704 he was sent to the college of the English secular clergy, in the University of Douay, founded by Cardinal Allen, 1568. Throughout the course of his studies his conduct was most exemplary, and gained him the esteem of his masters and companions. He was appointed Professor of Poetry, afterwards of Rhetoric, and on the 6th September, 1713, was chosen Professor of Philosophy. Mr. Challoner was ordained priest, 26th March, 1716; in July, 1718, was promoted to the chair of Divinity; and, in 1719, passed Bachelor and Licentiate of Divinity with universal applause. Upon the resignation of Mr. Dicconson, July, 1720, Dr. Challoner was appointed to the vice-presidency of the college.

After discharging the office of vice-president during ten years, Dr. Challoner was sent on the English Mission. In his Professorship of Divinity he was succeeded by the Rev. Alban Butler. Dr. Challoner was a perfect model of a missionary priest. He avoided all intercourse with the world except what was necessary; was most assiduous in the discharge of all his functions; and gave what these did not employ of his time, to prayer, to meditation, and to study. At this period the laws were a great restraint on Catholic preaching. In the public chapels few sermons were allowed; but some zealous missionaries preached in the rooms of individuals, or in those hired for the purpose. Here the voice of Dr. Challoner was often heard; his sermons were instructive and affecting; they were delivered with mildness, but impressively; and the love of God was his principal subject. In discourse and writing, Dr. Challoner was an able controvertist. Perfectly master of his subject, he was methodical, cogent, and perspicuous, but never rude or overbearing.

Dr. Challoner became, at this time, the object of religious persecution, and, with the advice of his friends, he repaired to Douay College. Dr. Williams, then president, died in 1713. A contest for Dr. Challoner then took place between the Douatians and Dr. Benjamin Petre, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district; the former earnestly soliciting Dr. Challoner for their president; the latter as earnestly soliciting him for coadjutor. Dr. Petre prevailed. His Holiness nominated Dr. Challoner Bishop of Debra and coadjutor to Dr. Petre, with the right of succeeding him as Vicar Apostolic of the London district. He was accordingly consecrated on the feast of St. Francis of Sales, the 29th of January, 1741. He chose for his model the holy prelate on whose festival he was consecrated, and practised through life the virtues for which that prelate was distinguished.

The events of the year 1745 involved the Catholics in the London district in

great distress. Several were imprisoned, most of their private chapels were shut up, and, with the exception of the Bavarian ambassador, the foreign ministers refused them admittance into their chapels. In addition to these evils, the prisons were crowded with English and Scottish Catholics, of whom many were tried and executed,—and those who interested themselves for the relief of any of them became objects of suspicion. Dr. Challoner was then the universal refuge; he obtained for the sufferers spiritual and temporal aid. The purse of Edward, Duke of Norfolk, was open to him, and many other Catholics co-operated with him.

In 1758 Dr. Petre died, after having governed the London district for twenty-five years as Vicar Apostolic. The whole charge of the district now devolved on Dr. Challoner. At this time, Mr. Payne, a common informer, indicted several persons for assisting at Mass. A prosecution was instituted against Dr. Challoner, but, from the difficulty of establishing, by proper evidence, the facts, and from the extreme unwillingness of juries and judges to convict, he and others escaped. This was not, however, always the case. One priest, being convicted of saying Mass, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The laws which deprived the Catholics of their landed property, for the sake of religion, were sometimes enforced, and, in other respects, the Catholics were subject to inconceivable hardships and contumely. In all these transactions, Dr. Challoner conducted himself with great prudence and firmness. The last attempt to deprive Catholics of their landed property, on account of their religion, was made by a near Protestant relation of a Catholic lady in the north of England, who attempted to deprive her of her jointure, under the statute of the 10th and 11th William III. Her counsel found her case remediless at law. She procured a bill for her relief, to be brought into the House of Lords. Lord Camden, on reading her petition, declared himself an advocate of her cause; and, in the speech which he made on the occasion, was eminently great.

Availing themselves of this, and some circumstances which disposed the government to favor them, the Catholics, in 1778, presented a petition to his Majesty. It was framed by Burke, signed by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Shrewsbury, and several English commoners, for the English; and by Lord Linton, and several Scottish commoners, for the Scotch. It was graciously received. A bill was brought into the House by Sir George Saville, and passed both Houses without opposition.

Although this act passed both Houses of Parliament with unanimity, and, apparently at least, with the general applause of the nation, yet some associations were almost immediately formed, both in England and Scotland, to obtain its repeal. They ended in the riots of 1780. The first symptoms appeared in the close of the month of May; but the associators had often met, and their meetings had been a subject of alarm. After scenes of devastation, a party rioters was proceeding to Dr. Challoner's house, about eleven o'clock at night, on Friday, the 2d of June. His chaplains awoke him from his sleep, and persuaded him, with great difficulty, to retire to the house of a friend, in which was supposed he would be in greater safety. The next day he was conveyed to a gentleman's house a few miles from London; but even there he was not thought to be in sufficient security, and a still farther removal was contemplated; to this, however, he objected. In the midst of these trying scenes he never lost his fortitude, his confidence in God, or the pious serenity of his mind. After a

few days he was restored to his flock. Notwithstanding his constant preaching every Sunday, and the very many duties attendant on his holy calling, the venerable prelate employed every spare moment in writing something either for the defence of the faith or for the instruction of his flock. In early life he published that little work entitled, "Think Well on it," which imparts spiritual benefit to the poor. About the year 1732 he brought out "Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine," "The Young Gentleman Instructed in the Catholic Religion," and several other tracts; after this he composed "The Unerring Authority of the Catholic Church," and "A Specimen of the Spirit of the Dissenting Teachers." In 1737 he published "The Catholic Christian Instructed" (in reply to a pamphlet by Dr. C. Middleton), in the preface to which he discusses the point in dispute with great learning and solidity. In 1741 appeared the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," in which he has shown that the Protestants accuse the Church of Rome of Intolerance, and at the same time pretend that they never do, nor would persecute any one, merely on the score of religion; yet, that from the year 1577 to the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, no less than 134 individuals were put to death for the profession and practice of the Roman Catholic faith; and that in the following reigns several others suffered for the same cause. In the year 1742 appeared "The Grounds of the Old Religion;" subsequently his translation of "Thomas à Kempis, Britannia Sancta," and sundry little tracts. Ever anxious to promote true piety, and plant every virtue in the hearts of the faithful, he wrote that inestimable work, "Meditations for Every Day in the Year." In 1762 he published "The Morality of the Bible," and a translation of the "Devout Life." For a detailed account of his writings, we would refer the reader to Barnard's life of this truly righteous man.

On the 10th of January, 1781, whilst sitting at dinner, he was seized with the palsy. He was conveyed to his bed, and medical assistance procured for him. The palsy seized his right side, and also affected his speech in such a manner that he was not from that moment heard to utter an intelligible word; yet he retained his reason to the last, and the bystanders could evidently perceive his conviction that he had only a short time to live, and that his soul was occupied on God, and in making acts of devotion suitable to his situation. He received the Sacraments of the Church. On the 12th of January, in the ninetyeth year of his age, God was pleased, by another stroke of the palsy, to deliver him from this mortal life; and, we humbly trust, to receive him into the kingdom of heavenly bliss. His remains were conveyed to Milton, in Berkshire, and deposited in the parish church.

We are indebted to the sketch of Bishop Challoner prefixed to his "Memoirs of Missionary Priests;" but those who wish to study his life fully should go to the pages of Barnard.

Challoner's life is full of instruction. He lived during a very gloomy period of the history of the Church in these countries; yet he hoped on and toiled on, and saw some of the clouds of persecution at length disperse. We must never forget that it is to such men as Challoner we owe the revival of Catholic freedom in England; and names such as his should be gratefully enshrined in the hearts of the children of the Faith. *Sit in eterna memoria illustrissimus vir.*

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

GREATNESS.—As time, with iron finger, stamps change upon thrones, kingdoms, and nations, so also it gradually moulds anew public opinion; so that what was once accounted greatness among the then most enlightened nations, would now be considered the height of folly, presumption or ignorance.

A man may acquire fame and honor, may hold the regal sceptre in his hand, and bear the jeweled crown upon his head, and still have no claims to *greatness*. Our free and enlightened thinkers would scarcely now recognize as true the whole of the sentiment of the "immortal bard," however applicable it may have been to the state of society when penned:

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."

A title is but an empty show—too frequently but a cloak borne upon the shoulders of villainy—a monstrosity. Nor can popular favor be regarded as an index of greatness, for it is ever vacillating and inconstant. In the morning, applauding millions cause the welkin to resound with shouts of approbation—and at noon, muttering tones of discontent and execration issue from the self-same throng. He who courts the applause of the fickle multitude, one hour may ride triumphant, with his banner unfurled to the breeze, and the next be dragged like Hector, ingloriously at the chariot-wheels of his victor.

We acknowledge such a thing as genius; and those thus gifted may attain, by a single effort, to heights which would require long years of unintermitted toil from others; still genius, of itself, will never bring the rewards due to the great. Hence we conclude that greatness is not a gift of nature, much less of man, but that it must be achieved.

He who boasts not of regal ancestry, and founds not his hopes upon pompous titles and lordly estates, who entrusts not his chariot to the steed of popular applause, and spreads not his sails to the breeze of fortune, but rather relying upon his own resources, strives with untiring assiduity to improve, morally as well as intellectually, the mind that nature has given him—he and he alone, may merit the honors of the laurel-wreath, and claim, by right, a seat among the great. A man with a generous heart, liberal principles, of deep research and profound thought, though residing in some lone hamlet, secluded from the gaze and unknown to the bustle of the world, is entitled to a far higher seat, to a crown more brilliant and und fading than ever decked the warrior-brows of the mighty Cæsars.—*Waverly Magazine*.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.—Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. Oh! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his care as he winds around the long, narrow street, and beholds the soft light illuminate his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pavement before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He

has been harrassed, perplexed and persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to energy so desperate that his frame and spirit are weakened and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the painbeat caused by too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear; like a winged angel, it flies right into his bosom, and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquetish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame, just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why, he forgets all the trials of that long, long day, as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household—oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy; that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as the creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims and expectations are circumscribed by the narrow outline of life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sun-beam, upon all earthly objects—that this world, with all its pageantry and pomp and power, is crumbling into dust—that this life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent, rational part, who frames his plan with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit! How little do they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its glory changed, it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative Paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora's box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for faulting, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

SOLID WORTH is often found in a rough outside. Sovereigns roll repeatedly out of an old stocking.

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

THE EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRE.—One of the most melancholy events in the whole history of the American Revolution, is the execution of the unfortunate Major Andre. After his capture, his case was referred by General Washington to a board consisting of fourteen general officers, and after a patient hearing of all the particulars of his case, they delivered the following judgment: "That Major Andre ought to be considered as a *spy*, and agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suffer *death*."

The following particulars of his execution are taken from Dr. Thacher's *Military Journal*:

"Major Andre is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit. It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. During his confinement and trial, he exhibited those proud and elevated sensibilities which designate greatness and dignity of mind. Not a murmur or a sigh ever escaped him, and the civilities and attentions bestowed on him were politely acknowledged. Having left a mother and two sisters in England, he was heard to mention them in terms of the tenderest affection, and in his letter to Sir Henry Clinton, he recommends them to his particular attention.

"The principal guard officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed: 'leave me till you can show yourself more manly.' His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard officers: 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks, and the scene was affectingly awful. I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement, and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major Andre walked from the stone house, in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. 'Why this emotion, sir,' said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said: 'I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.' While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink, but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said: 'It will be but a momentary pang,' and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal with one, loosely pinioned his arms, with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servant, but of the throng

of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it; he raised the handkerchief from his eyes and said: 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired; it proved indeed 'but a momentary pang.' He was dressed in his royal regimentals and boots, and his remains were placed in an ordinary coffin, and interred at the foot of the gallows; and the spot was consecrated by the tears of thousands."

DARK DAYS.—We find recorded in history instances of extreme darkness in the day time, and in some cases this obscurity has lasted for a number of days. The 19th of May, 1780, was distinguished by the phenomenon of a remarkable darkness over all the northern States, and is still called the *dark day*. At that time the Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed, that the day of judgment was at hand. The House of Representatives, being unable to transact their business, adjourned. A proposal to adjourn the Council was under consideration. When the opinion of Col. Davenport was asked, he answered: "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish therefore that candles may be brought."

The darkness commenced between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M., and continued to the middle of the next night. It was occasioned by a thick vapor or cloud, tinged with a yellow color, or faint red, and a thin coat of dust was deposited on white substances.

The wind was in the southwest; and the darkness appeared to come on with clouds in that direction. Its extent was from Falmouth (Maine), to New Jersey. The darkness appears to have been the greatest in the county of Essex (Mass.), in the lower part of New Hampshire, and Maine; it was also great in Rhode Island and Connecticut. In most parts of the country where the darkness prevailed, it was so great, that persons were unable to read common print, determine the time of day by their clocks or watches, dine, or manage their domestic business, without additional light; "candles were lighted up in their houses; the birds having sung their evening songs, disappeared and became silent; the fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around us at break of day; objects could be distinguished but a very little distance; and every thing bore the appearance and gloom of night."

THE JUBILEE was originally proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII, to take place in the year 1300, and thenceforward every hundred years at the beginning of the century; the period was subsequently reduced by successive Pontiffs, in order to gratify the increasing fervor of the faithful, first to fifty years, in imitation of the Jewish festival, and then to twenty-five years, which discipline is still maintained. But besides the stated periods here indicated, it has more recently become the practice of the Roman Pontiffs to proclaim a Jubilee on their accession to the chair of Peter, and on such occasions of public calamity or emergency as seemed to their wisdom to call for this great union of prayers and good works among Christians throughout the world.

The special object of the present Jubilee is to endeavor to arrest, by these powerful weapons of the spiritual warfare, the torrent of vice and unbelief which is sweeping over the earth, and which, in the midst of his rejoicings with his people, greatly moved and deeply afflicted the heart of our beloved and venerated Pontiff. Burning with an ardent zeal for the salvation of mankind, he beseeches all the faithful to unite in fervent prayers to God, that he would vouchsafe, through his infinite mercy and power, "to brink back those who are miserably wandering in error and vice, to the paths of truth, righteousness and salvation."—*Cath. Telegraph*.

HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote is related by the Paris correspondent of one of the New York journals, as having occurred soon after the Crimean war:

The Emperor is without doubt an eccentric man, but eccentric in the most agreeable manner; for, by his universal philanthropy, he has removed the time-honored impression from the public mind, that benevolence, urbanity and wisdom were incompatible with the title of sovereign, which so often is but another name for tyranny, hastiness and imbecility. The last little story (or rather truth) which is told of him is, that in years past, when he was in the days of his surveillance and adversity, a soldier had it in his power to insult, mortify and degrade him. However, time rolled on and released him, not only from the hands of his brutal enemy, but placed him on the throne of France. In the meantime the soldier had gone to the Crimea, and there showed sufficient bravery to warrant his name being put on the list as a candidate for the medal. This list was, of course, submitted to the Emperor, and, when he recognized the name of his former tormentor, he directed that he should be brought before him.

The man approached, not without fear and hesitation, for he, as well as the Emperor, had not forgotten what had taken place. "Well," said the Emperor, "do you remember when I was in your care how you treated me?" The soldier bowed, abashed. "Very well," continued his majesty, "your name is on the list; tell me, if our situations were once more reversed, would you forget and forgive the past? What would be your object in summoning me as I have done you—with reproaches or a punishment even more cruel than that?" "Your majesty," replied the man, "I cannot hope for your forgiveness, and were our situations reversed, I do not think I could grant pardon, and, therefore, do not expect from another that which I could not accord myself. You have doubtless summoned me before you to overwhelm me with disgrace. But I beseech you, sire, to remember I only did my duty." "And not on that occasion only did you perform your duty," rejoined his majesty, "for you have acted bravely during the war, and I have sent for you that I might place this medal with my own hands upon your breast. Never shall it be said that Louis Napoleon permitted personal feeling to withhold a well-earned reward from a brave soldier."

WHY NANKEEN WENT OUT OF FASHION.—In the days of our grandfathers there was nothing so fashionable for summer wear as nankeen. No gentleman would be seen abroad or at home in a dress of which this material did not go to the making of a portion; and as we ever fixed the fashion on questions of male costume, the mode was adopted in France, and English nankeens threatened to drive all French manufactured articles for summer wear out of the market. Louis XIV, however, surmounted the difficulty; he ordered all the executioners and their assistants to perform their terrible office in no other dress but one of nankeen. This rendered the material "infamous;" and many a man, who deserved to be hanged, discarded the suit because a similar one was worn by a man who did the hanging. So Mrs. Turner, the prisoner, being executed, in the reign of James I, in a yellow starched ruff, put to death the fashion of wearing them.

LORD BYRON'S first rhyme was written in his tenth year (1798), on an old woman who had offended him, and who believed the soul of the dead inhabited the moon:

In Nottingham town, very near to Swine green,
Lives as cross an old woman as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

NON-SUITING A CREDITOR.—There was a lawyer on Cape Cod, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggings" then, and, for aught we know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to incur litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look a here, 'squire," said he, "that e'er blasted shoemaker down to the Pigeon Grove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead;" and the client went off, very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was 'terminated to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."

"Certain, 'squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V, and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer; "we've non-suited him! He'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great! I'd rather gin fifty dollars than had him get the money for them boots!"

A JOKE UPON THE DOCTOR.—Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat, and when the doctor called again and enquired whether the powder had cured the boy, the father replied:

"No, we didn't give it to him."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes—but the old cat isn't; we gave it to her."

The doctor sloped.

A CLERGYMAN was rebuked by a brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The smoker replied that he used the weed "in moderation." "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," replied the smoker, "one cigar at a time."

OLD Mrs. Darnly is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

An exchange paper tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

It is not generous to blame youth for the follies of young men.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. **AN EXPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE.** By a secular Priest. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work is given to the public without the name of the author. This we regret; for the writer of a work displaying so much erudition, profound reasoning, deep reflection and salutary admonitions, as the volume before us, need not be ashamed of his labor. We have read it with profound interest, and regard it as a valuable acquisition to the Catholic literature of the country.

The beloved Apostle, St. John, venerable in years, having defied the tyrant's rage, coming forth unscathed from the fires of martyrdom, is banished to the isle of Patmos and shut out from all communion with those whom he so tenderly loved. Here he is favored with those sublime visions recorded in the book of the Apocalypse. He is permitted to see and describe the events which in coming time are to happen to the Church and the people of God, but couched in language and figures which are most difficult to understand. The design of the author of the present work, is to attempt a solution of what is written by St. John; to reconcile the language of the Apostle with the events of the past, and reasoning from it, to fathom the depths of the future.

The labor assumed by the author is one of no ordinary magnitude; and how far he has succeeded, we will not attempt to say. Theories may be entertained, speculations may be made in regard to the mystic revelations of Patmos, nevertheless the Apocalypse will remain, to a certain extent, a sealed book to the end of time. And while the Catholic may read with interest and edification, commentaries on the Apocalypse, such as the work before us, he will in the end feel constrained to exclaim with St. Dennis of Alexandria:

"I am persuaded that the Revelations of St. John are as sublime in themselves as they are unintelligible to man. Though I do not comprehend the words, yet I believe they contain something great; the truth, though concealed in obscurity, is not less important. I pretend not to set myself up as a competent judge of these matters, nor do I measure them by the littleness of my own capacity; but, trusting more to divine faith than to human reason, I firmly believe those revealed points, though above the reach of my weak comprehension. My respect for divine revelation is not lessened by its being obscure; I respectfully receive the truth which is revealed, and silently adore the mysteries which I cannot comprehend."

2. **THE CONDITION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG THE CELTIC, GOTHIC AND OTHER NATIONS.** By John McEltharan, M. R. C. S. E.; with illustrations designed and drawn by the author. Boston: P. Donahoe.

We have read this book with feelings of much disappointment. We had anticipated to find in it a grave dissertation on a subject, at least interesting, if not important. The name of the author had given us reason to hope that it would be a work creditable alike to himself and useful to others. But in this, we repeat, we have been disappointed. The author, forgetful of the high character of an historian, enters into the scenes which he describes, with all the feelings and prejudices of a partisan, and instead of furnishing us with a true picture of the events which he records, presents them to us as seen through the mirror of his own distorted imagination. Hence his work bears the character of an inflammatory harangue, exhibiting in every page the most intense hatred to England. This is the more surprising in a man who professes his admiration of "the charitable sentiment of the Catholic clergy," that "it is better, if possible, to heal the ulcers and conceal the deformities of the English character, than to tear them open to the horrified gaze of Christendom."

We have no prepossessions in favor of the Anglo-Saxon race, but at the same time we do not believe this gives us the right to enter the privacy of our Anglican neighbors, to villify and abuse them; to dig out from the past the record of their crimes and chronicle them anew, for no higher motive than that of generating in the breasts of our readers feelings alike unworthy of Christians and of men. And with all our love for the Emerald Isle, the cherished home of our parents, we do not believe that the Celts can be glorified by debasing the Saxons.

But apart from the innate hostility to England, which the author manifests in almost every page of the book, there is roughness in the style, bordering on vulgarity, which will forever banish the work from polite society. We repeat here what we have said on former occasions, that language which we would not make use of in our parlors or in the presence of children; language and delineations which would cause a blush to rise on the cheek of female modesty, should be forever discarded from books designed for general reading. It would be easy to produce examples of this serious defect in the book before us; but we deem it sufficient to allude to the fact. Let those who have the curiosity examine for themselves.

On the whole, it is an extraordinary book to emanate from a Catholic writer. To illustrate the condition of the women of Europe, even anterior to the Reformation, the author produces a series of quotations from some of the most questionable writers to impugn the purity of the Catholic clergy; to utter against them the most unblushing falsehoods. If any will doubt this, let him turn to pages 212 and 213, to find the truth of our words. Take a single example, where he is quoting from *Erasmus*:

"In several places the priest paid to the bishop a regular tax for the woman with whom he lived and for every child he had by her! A German bishop who was present at a grand entertainment, publicly declared that in one year eleven thousand priests had presented themselves to him for that purpose."

This quotation is given without the slightest effort to contradict it, and as gravely as if the author fully believed it. To meet with this language in the works of Voltaire, or in the writings of some of the fanatical railers against the purity of Catholic morality, we would not be surprised; but to find it, without note or comment, in the work of a Catholic writer, is something that we cannot comprehend.

We regret the appearance of this book, for the reason that no good can possibly be accomplished by its circulation, and for the reason that its reading is calculated to do much harm. We regret it also on account of the worthy publisher of the work, whose exertions in the cause of Catholic literature are so well known, and which we ourselves have always been happy to acknowledge.

3. ALICE SHERWIN: a Tale of the Days of Sir Thomas More. By C. J. M. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This book comes to us without preface, table of contents, or anything else to indicate its bearing or the design of the author. To arrive at this, the reader is compelled to pass carefully over its four hundred pages—a task which we confess we have not been able to accomplish. We have, however, read sufficient to satisfy ourselves that *Alice Sherwin* is a work of deep and thrilling interest, and one that we can most cheerfully recommend.

The plot is thrown in a period of English history fraught with many interesting and important events. The reign of Henry VIII, with all the startling incidents with which it is replete, passes before the eye of the reader. He is introduced to the illustrious Cardinal Wolsey. He beholds him in his greatness and power; he witnesses him in his degradation, crushed beneath the arm of his unprincipled and licentious sovereign, and hears his memorable declaration on his dying bed: "Had I served my God as diligently as I served my king, He would not have forsaken me

in my gray hairs." He is made familiar with the illustrious Fisher, and More, names at once the glory and the shame of England.

We had intended to transcribe a few passages for the entertainment of our readers; but this pleasure we forego, preferring that every one who would wish to have a truly interesting and instructive book, would procure a copy of *Alice Sherwin* and read it entire.

4. **THE FOOT OF THE CROSS; OR, THE SORROWS OF MARY.** By *Frederick William Faber*, D. D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We have had frequent occasion to speak of the labors of Father Faber. Again we have the pleasure of inviting the attention of our readers to another new work from the same illustrious author—*The Foot of the Cross*. To speak of this work in terms commensurate with its merits, would require abilities far above those which we claim to possess. Even our language fails to express the admiration we experienced in its perusal. He alone that has read and studied the soul-inspiring pages of the author's "All for Jesus," or dwelt enraptured on the glowing periods of the "Growth in Holiness" and the "Creator and the Creature," or bent in holy reverie over the melting language of the "Blessed Sacrament," can fully comprehend the grandeur of thought, the sublimity of conception, the tender pathos, the devotional fervor breathed forth by the *Sorrows of Mary*. Like the other works of the great Oratorian, it possesses the peculiar characteristics of winning the heart of the reader, of enlisting his feelings and bearing them heavenward; of warming his soul with a tender compassion and lively devotion for the sweet, the sorrowing Mother of God.

In the natural order, sorrow begets love. The heart warms even towards a stranger in tears. And love generates devotion towards the object of our affection. Father Faber well understood this spring of the human heart, and hence the beautiful work before us. By presenting to our contemplation the sorrows of our Blessed Lady—the bitter pangs which pierced her heart at the various stages of our Divine Saviour's sufferings, but especially at the foot of the cross, he well knew that he would enlist our feelings, our love and veneration for that amiable Mother. And as no one can truly love the mother without at the same time feeling his heart moved with affection towards the son, the object of the author has been to draw hearts to Jesus through the medium of her, who is both the "Consolatrix afflictorum" and "Refugium peccatorum."

And such we feel assured will be the happy fruit of this excellent work. As none can read it without feeling an increased affection towards Mary, so none can read it without experiencing in their hearts a deeper love for Jesus.

5. **THE LIFE OF SAINT MARGARET OF CORTONA.** By the Canon *Anthony Francis Giovagnoli*—with the Approbation of the Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D. D., Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

As the lives of the great and distinguished in the world are written out and handed down to posterity, that having before us a record of their deeds, we may be led to walk in their footsteps and imitate their example, so in religion the lives of the faithful servants of God are held up before us as beacon-lights in the dark valley of this world, to lead us to virtue and to guide us to the sure haven of endless happiness. Hence in all ages the greatest servants of God have made the lives of the saints their constant study, gathering wisdom from their learning, consolation from their suffering and courage from their example.

It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we see this class of books multiplied, and given to the people in a convenient form, and at prices that will place them within the reach of every individual. The life of the illustrious saint and penitent, contained in the little volume before us, is replete with many instances of heroic piety and virtue, and must exert upon the mind, even of the most indifferent reader, an

influence for good. We hope it will find, as it well deserves, a place in every Catholic family.

6. **THE HIDDEN TREASURE**; or, the Value and Excellence of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; with a practical and devout method of hearing Mass with profit. By the *Blessed Leonard* of Port-Maurice. Translated from the Italian at the particular instance of the Bishop of Southwark. Cincinnati: J. P. Walsh. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This admirable little book is truly a treasure, containing a fund of excellent instruction and fervent exhortations touching the holy sacrifice of the Mass. It was written by the Blessed Leonard of Port-Maurice during his missionary labors, with a view of inspiring those around him with due reverence and devotion to the most august act of Christian worship. It contains many beautiful examples of the happy fruits of hearing Mass with the proper dispositions. The work is calculated to do much good, especially among the young. We heartily wish it a circulation commensurate with its worth.

7. **LITTLE OFFICES**. Translated from the French and dedicated to Pious Youth,—augmented by A Method of Hearing Mass. With the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This little volume contains the offices of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that of the Holy Ghost, the Immaculate Conception, the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Lady, and those of several Saints, and is admirably adapted to the use of the young, for whom it was in a special manner prepared. There are few forms of devotion better calculated to nourish piety and inspire the hearts of youth with a love for religion than those little offices. We would be glad to see the practice more general among children, both on account of the beauty of the devotion itself, and the happy results that would flow from it.

8. **THE FLOWER GARDEN**: a Manual of Devotion for Catholics—containing Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotion for Confession and Communion, Prayers for Mass, and the Stations of the Cross; to which is added the Complete Vespers for the Whole Year, and the Devotion of the Forty Hours, in Latin and English. With the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We give the title of this excellent prayer book in full, as it so clearly expresses the nature of its contents. Bearing as it does the approbation of the illustrious Bishop of Philadelphia, it surely wants nothing else to recommend it to Catholic patronage.

9. **THE FLOWER BASKET**: a Catholic Tale. Translated from the German of *Canon Schmidt*. Philadelphia: H. McGrath. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Another charming little volume from the illustrious Canon Schmidt. Like those which have preceded it from the pen of the same venerable author, it possesses a fund of pleasing entertainment for the young, winning their hearts from vice and conducting them sweetly along the flowery pathway of virtue.

THE NEW YORK TABLET.—We have witnessed with pleasure a very desirable improvement in this excellent journal, namely, the introduction into each number of an exquisite piece of music. The *Tablet* is one of the very best of our family papers, and we sincerely hope that this improvement, so beautiful in itself, so appropriate to the Catholic household, will be duly appreciated, and tend to give the work a circulation commensurate with its worth and worthy of the zeal and enterprise of the publishers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The conferences of Father Felix, the celebrated Jesuit, who now occupies the chair in Notre Dame from which the lamented Ravignon, Lacordaire and Ventura have so often breathed forth in thrilling accents of heart-moving eloquence the deep truths of Christian doctrine and morality, have not been less striking or impressive than those of the great masters who preceded him. His doctrines and theories have found antagonists and defenders. A Father Enfantin has issued a *Reply to his fourth, fifth and sixth Conferences*, which has drawn forth from Al. de St. Albin, a brochure entitled *De l'idolatrie de la chair—A Letter to Father Enfantin on his pretended Reply to Father Felix.*"

The second volume of Felix's Conferences, *Our Progress by Christianity*, has just been issued by Leclère at Paris.

Casterman of Tournay and Paris has at last published a work long announced, *Cinquante nouvelles Lettres du R. P. De Smet—Fifty new Letters of Father De Smet.*

Among the other recent works issued in France, we note *Le ministère ecclésiastiques du St. Siège dans la douzième année du Pontificat de Pie IX.* by the Abbé Pallard; the conclusion of Capefigue's *The Church during the last three centuries; La Divinité de l'Eglise manifestée par sa charité*; a translation of the work of Cardinal Baluffi, *St. François de Sales aux gens du monde, L'Heptateuques ou première partie abrégée de la Sainte Bible*, by the Abbé Lebrun.

A still more important work is the *Dictionnaire encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique*, being a translation of that published in German by Drs. Wetzer and Welte, who were aided by the most learned professors and theologians of Catholic Germany. It will form 25 octavo volumes at 5½ francs each.

In England, we find announced the *New Glories of the Catholic Church*—a collection of the acts of the recent martyrs of the Corea, Cochin China and Oceanica—which the Holy Father desires to have translated into all the languages of Europe; *A Story-book*, by Dr. Faber; *Spiritual Conferences; Bethlehem*, and a volume of *Hymns*, by the same prolific author.

Bishop Malon's *Falsehood of Protestantism*, has appeared, and cannot fail to be a most valuable addition to our controversial literature, opening the new campaign of attack, which we are now entering upon. We have long been defending Catholicity against the sneaking and skulking Camanches of Protestantism, but as they fly when repulsed to appear on another side, our policy is to penetrate to their dens and break them up or civilize them.

The Imperial Library at Paris has just obtained a copy of the *Geographical Dictionary* by Jakout, one of the most learned Oriental writers of the thirteenth century. It consists of six folio volumes, and has been taken partly from the portion of the original manuscript of Jakout which is in the possession of Kupruly Pacha, at Constantinople—partly from a copy of the remainder of that manuscript which belongs to Achi Effendi, of the same city. Only four complete copies of Jakout's Dictionary have hitherto been made, and they are in the British Museum, in the University of Oxford, in the Library of St. Petersburg, and in the Library of Copenhagen.

AMERICAN.—In this country, Messrs. Murphy & Co. have issued in a beautiful volume, Father Faber's *Foot of the Cross; or, The Sorrows of Mary*, and also a new edition of the great work of Balmes, with two very neat little juveniles, *Martha, or The Hospital Sister*, and *Silva*. The same publishers announce a new Story-book for children, by Father Faber: *Ethel's Book; or, Tales of the Angels*. This is the first instance, we believe, in which his Eminence has attempted to produce a work for the use of the young; and if as successful in this as in his other labors, we predict for the new story-book an extensive circulation.

Cunningham of Philadelphia has added another to his little library of female saints, being a translation of the *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*, written in Italian by Cardinal Giovagnoli. His series now embraces St. Rose, B. Mariana, St. Agnes, St. Angela, St. Margaret. He has also issued *The Flower Garden*, a new prayer book, with the Vespers of the whole year, the Devotions for the Forty Hours, and other new features.

The Messrs. Sadlier have issued the *Raccolta*, Bedford's *Life of St. Vincent*, *Alice Sherwin*, a new edition of *Brownson's Essays*, and *Balmes' Philosophy*.

O'Shea has just issued an abridged *Life of the great Pontiff, Pius VI.*

Mr. Donahoe has issued in a neat and attractive volume, *The Last Four Popes*, by Cardinal Wiseman.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have scarcely allowed ourselves sufficient space in the present number to reply to the several communications we have received from correspondents.

To our fair contributor, *Adelaide*, we owe a thousand apologies for our delay in giving a place to several short, but exquisite offerings, from which we select the following:

A PRAYER.

Father, I have wandered far,
Oh, be now my guiding star!
Draw my footsteps back to Thee.
Set my struggling spirit free.
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul—
Let one ray of truth illume
And dispel the thick'ning gloom!
God of truth, and peace, and love,
Hear my prayer!
Draw my restless thoughts above—
Keep them there!

Father, save me at this hour,
From the tempter's fearful power—
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings—
I have thought till thought is pain,
Searched for peace till search is vain.
Out of *Thee* I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind.
Now I come to *Thee* for aid—
Peace restore!
Let my soul on *Thee* be stayed
Forevermore!

From *Andrew M. E.* we acknowledge the receipt of a poetic contribution entitled "The Mariner." Andrew has imposed rather a severe task during this excessively hot season. To decipher, read, study and correct his four pages of closely written cap paper, is by no means an easy undertaking. If the author should ever have the misfortune to be placed in an editorial chair, with his head distracted by its thousand perplexing cares; laboring and sweating from the early dawn to the midnight hour, without a friendly smile to cheer the gloom of his *sanctum*, without the prospect of a dollar to compensate him for his cheerless toil, he will never forgive himself for the severe task he has imposed upon us. But we will enter an apology for our friend. His inexperience must plead his excuse. Many allowances must be made for young poets; like young eagles, they are sometimes daring in their flight—possessing in their own breasts all the elements of greatness, they disdain to look upon the faults of others, and expect to find the same virtue in the breasts of their neighbors.

But to return to the subject of his poem—*The Mariner*. It is not without some merit, containing some ideas well expressed. He gives a fair description of a storm

at sea. The raging winds howl and lash the angry elements. The mariners, like faithful sentinels, are found where duty calls them:

"With hasty step they flee from stem to stern,
Hear brief commands, and give a quick return."

The tempest thickens, and the gallant ship is driven at the mercy of the storm:

"Yet like a wild steed o'er the rugged plain,
With fiery nostrils and with streaming mane,
The frail bark leaps along the dark domain,
Now struggling high on mountain waves she's seen,
Now plunging swiftly down the deep ravine."

The strife is at length over; the noble vessel is dashed upon the rocks, and the angry waves sing a "melancholy dirge" over the lifeless remains of the unfortunate mariner, and then it concludes with several stanzas of different measures, from which we select the following:

"Oh! sleep, lost ocean-child—sleep calmly on,
Beneath the dark and ever-murmuring wave;
The magic splendor of the setting sun
Shall gild with golden light thy ocean-grave."

It always affords us pleasure to answer those who apply to us for information. The query, which has been for some time upon our table: "What led to the remarkable alteration in the social and political relations of Europe at the close of the fifteenth century?" we thus briefly answer:

The interests of the principal states of Europe were individual and distinct up to the middle of the fifteenth century; but from that time forward, so completely were they interwoven, that the history of the one country includes, to a great extent, the history of all. For this intimate connection, many reasons may be assigned. The revival of letters, assisted as it was by the invention of the art of printing, which followed in the fifteenth century; the improvement in navigation, the discovery of America and the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope, the extension of commerce which resulted from these discoveries, and the consequent enlargement of the sphere of human activity and enquiry by the facilities thus offered to the introduction of foreign luxury or convenience—all these tended to awaken a spirit of enterprise, of speculation and intrigue, and to create a new system of policy, the basis of which was a nice balance of power among the leading princes of Europe; a system of policy preserved to the present time.

To the query: "What were the results of the treaties of *Breda*, *Utrecht* and *Amiens*, and when were they made?" we thus reply:

The treaty of *Breda* occurred on the 21st of July, 1667. Three treaties were signed by the English Commissioners on the same day. The first with Holland, by which it was agreed that both parties should forget past injuries and remain in their present condition, which was virtually yielding to the states the long disputed possession of the Island of Puloorne, and to England her conquest of Albany and New York, then a Dutch colony of this country. By the second treaty with France, Louis obtained the restoration of Nova Scotia, and Charles that of Antigua, Montserrat, and part of St. Kitt's. And by the third treaty, the relations of amity were reestablished between England and Denmark, the ally of the Dutch.

The treaty of *Utrecht* took place in the year 1712, and brought about a peace between France on the one side, and England, Austria and Holland, allied against her. The immediate cause of the peace was the defeat of the allies by the French Marshal Villars in Flanders. The treaty of *Amiens*, between France and England, was signed in 1802. By it, France evacuated Egypt, and England ceded all the possessions she had acquired during the war, except Trinidad and the Ceylon conquests.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From May 20th, to June 20th, 1858.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—During the month of May the Holy Father visited the excavations now going on at the ancient city of Ostia, where he was received by Cardinal Roberti and other officers of State. His Holiness expressed his great satisfaction at the progress of the work, and his admiration of the many specimens of ancient art lately exhumed in that city. Other important excavations are now in progress on the ancient Via Latina, near Rome. Researches here have revealed the ruins of the Basilica of St. Stephen, in the midst of the ruins of ancient villas and sepulchral monuments bordering on this road. Many of the latter have been discovered in a high state of preservation, adorned with bassi-relievi, vaulted roofs in rich decorations, and paintings in an excellent state of preservation.

His Holiness also visited Porto d'Auzio, a small port on the coast of the Mediterranean, where he has a small marine residence, which, however, was not in a fit state to receive him, as it is being enlarged. Accordingly, he was obliged to take up his quarters in a small convent which he has lately built for some Franciscan Fathers, for whom he has built also a pretty church in the middle of the town.

The Holy Father was here visited by the King of Naples, accompanied by the queen and the royal family. The small convent was made not only to accommodate the Pope and his suite, but also the king and his attendants. "What was most striking," writes a correspondent of an exchange, "in the meeting of the Pope and the King of Naples, was the deference which always the latter paid to the Holy Father as head of the Church. Always the king, queen and the royal family, on meeting and parting, kissed his feet as an act of homage; and this they did not merely in private, but in the public street, surrounded by hundreds of spectators. It is an edifying sight, in this age of unbelief, to see a king prostrate before the Vicar of Christ, and kissing his feet by the side of the poor peasant. This is an act of faith. Doing it in public is an act of humility and contempt of human respect, which can only proceed from such faith as seems inherent in those of the Latin race who have not lost it by neglect of their duties, and wilful acts in opposition to it."

The Roman journals announce that Father Besson, the great Dominican preacher, has been appointed Visiter-General of the Dominican Missions in Central Asia.

The Roman Railway Company recently presented to the Holy Father a magnificent car, which is thus described by a correspondent of the *Tablet*:

"Nothing has been neglected to make it worthy of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is divided into three apartments: an oratory, a *salon* and a sleeping chamber. Four angels of gold and silver, medallions of the twelve apostles, and pannels of bronze decorate the exterior. In the *salon* are several paintings by Gerome. Opposite the throne, seated on a marble bench, Religion, palms of martyrdom under her feet, seems to look upon his Holiness as her representative on earth. She bears in her hand a chalice surmounted by a haloed figure of the Sacred Host and the Holy Ghost floats above her. On one side stands St. Peter bearing the keys; on the other, Saint Paul holding the sword. This painting is flanked by two others, one representing the Pope, surrounded by cardinals and bishops, blessing a steamer which unites by a shining furrow the French and Roman Railways; the other represents the Holy Father in the act of blessing a smoking locomotive which is about to start.

A Virgin and Child, and a Good Shepherd bearing the strayed sheep on his shoulders, painted in medallions a *gaufre d'oree*, in the neo-byzantine style, complete the internal decoration. Outside, at the freizes of the car, are figured on disks of gold the heads of the Twelve Apostles. The figures in the Blessing of the Locomotive are the especial objects of critical admiration. It is a profile view, the Pope stands on the platform of the station and behind him the holy cortege 'in those noble sacerdotal attitudes of which the high Roman clergy alone seem to possess the secret and which adds so much to the impression produced by our religious ceremonies. What noble heads of prelates and of monks,' says M. Gautier in conclusion, 'and what dignity in that Catholic patriarchy!'"

FRANCE.—The government has ventured on a daring measure of internal improvement, if we may so call it, which is not likely to be accomplished without some opposition. A circular has been recently addressed to all the prefects, by General Espinasse, calling upon them to "use their influence, and, if need be, their authority, to induce the councils, or managing committees, of all charitable institutions to pass a vote for the conversion of the real property of such establishments into money, to be vested in the public stocks." Various reasons, specious enough in appearance, are put forward in support of this startling proposition. It is represented that the income derived from land bears no proportion to its price in the market—the average returns not being more than two and a half, and in many instances only two per cent. The whole amount of real property held by the different charitable institutions throughout France is stated at not less than five hundred millions of francs, "and yet these establishments are wholly unable to provide assistance for all those who need it at their hands." The "solicitude of the Emperor for the suffering classes" renders it imperative to find a remedy for this state of things, and no readier one is thought to present itself than the one insisted on. It is urged, moreover, that the management of real property occupies a great deal of the time and attention of the Commissioners of Hospitals, &c. which might be more advantageously bestowed in attending to the institutions themselves. The fluctuating nature of stock is urged as the chief reason against the measure, and naturally cause the trustees of public charities to hesitate before giving their consent to the scheme.

Another gigantic improvement is that proposed by M. Mires of throwing down the ancient port lying between the La Caunebiere, Le Cours nad La Rue d'Aix—thus dislodging about 60,000 inhabitants. In the reconstruction of the new quarters (which would require about ten years), a large amount of territory would be reclaimed from the sea, which M. Mires claims as a compensation for his plan and for the labor of superintending the work.

Another matter of internal administration has been recently determined on, namely, the erection of French Algeria into a vice royalty, under Prince Napoleon, as lieutenant of the Emperor. Thus the civil government of Algeria is to be detached altogether from the department of the Minister of the Interior, and to be erected into an independent administration, under the Prince's authority, who is to communicate directly with the Emperor. There is a talk in ministerial circles of the erection of a new Secretary of State for Algeria, to serve as a medium of intercourse in the business to be transacted between the Emperor and his cousin, but without being attached to any ministry. The army and navy alone remain as heretofore, centralized in Paris; but the departments of Public Instruction, Agriculture, Public Works, and the whole system of French administration and bureaucracy, are hereafter to form a separate and independent organization. The step is an important one, and, if acted up to, may lead to a really important development of French influence on the African shores of the Mediterranean.

The plenipotentiaries of the powers who signed the late treaty of Paris have recently assembled in the capital for the purpose of coming to some arrangements in

regard to the vexed question of the Danubian Principalities. They had not, at latest dates, arrived at any definite conclusion.

The Queen of Holland lately paid a visit to Paris and was the guest of the imperial family.

An election which lately took place in the department of Haut Rhin, resulted in the defeat of the government candidate and in the return of Count Migeon, who was at the time confined to prison for some offence of which we are not apprised.

ENGLAND.—The correspondent of the *Pilot* gives the following particulars of the appointment of Rev. Francis Amherst to the vacant See of Northampton:

"Since I last wrote, the news of the appointment of the Rev. Francis Amherst of Stafford, to the vacant See of Northampton has arrived from Rome; and I may add, with perfect truth (not as a matter of form), that it is regarded with universal satisfaction. The bishop elect is a young and zealous ecclesiastic, whose piety led him to contemplate entering a cloister, and who has always won the highest opinions from those who have had the advantage of his society. A friend of my own, who was his companion at Oscott College a few years ago, assures me that a better appointment could not have been made. Bishop Amherst (as we must soon call him), is a man of gentlemanly bearing and pleasing demeanor, is connected with one of our oldest Catholic families, and has sufficient property to enable him to accept the administration of so poor a diocese as Northampton. The consecration will probably take place on St. Barnabas' Day, or at latest on the approaching feast of SS. Peter and Paul. His lordship will be the tenth prelate the Cardinal Archbishop has consecrated since his appointment to the Metropolitan See, besides giving the abbatial mitre to the abbot of Mount St. Bernard. Two of these bishops (Drs. Vesque and Scandella) were for foreign countries, and the late Dr. Burgess of Clifton, has departed from the scene of his labors. All the others, except Archbishop Errington, who is the Cardinal's Coadjutor, now govern English dioceses with vigor and active zeal. Our senior bishop is the venerable Dr. Briggs of Beverley, who was consecrated when there were only four Vicar Apostolics in the whole of England."

Certain "innovations" in the service of the Anglican Church has caused some little excitement among the establishment. The *Union*, a Protestant paper, recently announced for early publication, a work entitled "Directions for the celebration of High Mass, with deacon and subdeacon, incense and lights." The compiler of the forthcoming little work has already given us, or rather the Protestant clergy, "Plain directions for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist," in which the whole service is assimilated as much as possible to the Ordinary of the Mass to an extent which few persons here will credit.

A slight indisposition gave rise to the report that Cardinal Wiseman was dangerously ill. He had left London for his country seat at Leyton, Essex. But, says the *London Standard*, we have great pleasure in being able to contradict a statement which has this week been "going the round" of the Protestant papers, as to the serious illness of the Cardinal Archbishop.

Active preparations were making to lay the wire of the Atlantic Telegraph. On first of May all the wire had been placed on board the several vessels which were to take part in the work of stretching it across the Atlantic. The contract between the government and the Telegraph Company was signed and sealed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and the Directors of the Company on the 20th. It is for a period of twenty-five years from the time the cable shall have been successfully laid down. The telegraph fleet had all assembled at Plymouth, and would sail on an experiment trip in a few days. It consists of the U. S. frigate *Niagara* and the British steamers *Agamemnon*, *Valorous*, *Gorgon* and *Porcupine*.

The proceedings of Parliament have been important—a bill for abolishing property qualification for members of Parliament having been read a second time, not-

withstanding the opposition of the Irish Tory members. Mr. Hunt, an English member, intends to move a clause in committee, that the act shall not extend to the exemption of any member of Parliament from arrest or imprisonment for debt. He also proposes to introduce a clause that in case any sitting member shall not pay his legally certified election expenses within three months after his return, his proposer and seconder may be liable to be sued for the recovery of the same!—The Indian Bill gave rise to much discussion. During the excitement which it caused, a vote of censure in the Commons was offered by Mr. Carwell, but, at the earnest request of several of the Liberal members, he withdrew it. A dissolution of Parliament is looked for, as it is thought that the present ministry will not be able much longer to hold the reins of government.

The Duchess d'Orleans died lately at her residence at Richmond. The papers, in noticing the sad event, give lengthy details of her life, from which we extract the following particulars: Her royal highness was the daughter of Frederick Louis, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, by his second marriage with the Princess Caroline, daughter of Charles, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimer. Her royal highness was born 24th January, 1814, consequently was forty-four years of age. The marriage of the Princess and the Duke d'Orleans was celebrated the 13th of July, 1837, at the palace of Fontainebleau, in the splendid gallery of Henry II. After having had two sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, the duchess met with an overwhelming domestic calamity by the sudden death of her husband. On the 13th July, 1842, the Duke d'Orleans was killed by throwing himself from his cab in an effort to save himself during the flight of the horse. The duchess bore her loss with heroic resignation, and gave vent to her harrowed feelings in retirement. She then and ever since, in most eventful times, devoted herself to the education and protection of her infant sons, to whom she was the most affectionate and loving of mothers. She rarely appeared in the gaieties of the court of Louis Philippe. The Duchess d'Orleans and her sons were staying with the king and queen at Paris when the revolutionary outbreak took place in February, 1848. After much trouble and anxiety, the duchess and her sons, attended by the Marquis de Morny, son-in-law of Marshal Soult, and a faithful adherent of Louis Philippe and his family, escaped to Belgium. Since that convulsion, the duchess and her sons chiefly passed their time at her residence in Germany, and in occasional sojourns with the members of the French royal family in England. She had been staying since the summer of last year at a villa at Richmond. Her death was sudden and unexpected. She had been suffering from influenza, but no fears were entertained of the unfortunate result. It turned, however, to a severe quinsy, and on the night of her death, her physician concluded to remain all night by his patient. Seeing him still at her bedside at four o'clock, the duchess seemed surprised and asked him if he thought she was as sick as his staying seemed to imply. The doctor replied by asking her how she felt; she answered "not too badly." The physician then went out and after a lapse of ten minutes returned. Everything was quiet; the nurses were watching in silence; the doctor went to the bedside and found his patient dead. His royal highness, Prince Albert, shortly after the sad news had reached the queen at Buckingham Palace, repaired to Richmond on a visit of condolence to the sorrowing relatives of the duchess. The Duchess of Cambridge and other members of the royal family likewise paid visits of condolence soon after the intelligence was received.

It is said that Sir Bulwer Lytton is about to be raised to the peerage.

IRELAND.—The news from Ireland during the past month is not important. The Incumberer Estate Court has undergone a change. A bill was introduced in Parliament by Mr. Whitside, by which the Court is to be continued and made perpetual, but under a new name: The Landed Estates Court, over which two judges, Mr. Martley and Dr. Longfield, are to preside, and to sit separately, with appeal from

them to the Court of Appeal. Mr. Commissioner Hargreave and Mr. Flanagan, the Master, are to be pensioned on full salaries, and there are to be two conveyancing counsel appointed, new appointments. The jurisdiction of the new court is to be extended, so as to include not only the Incumbered Estates Court, but also to enable owners of land to obtain from the court a declaration of parliamentary title, which, being registered, is to be indefeasible. The new court is to undertake all judicial sales from the Court of Chancery and Court of Bankruptcy and Insolvency.

The bill of Sergeant Deasy, M. P., and Mr. Bagwell, M. P., provides for the establishment of reformatory schools for the better training of juvenile offenders in Ireland. Justices of counties and councils of towns may grant money in aid of such schools, subject to conditions. Juvenile delinquents under sixteen years of age may, in addition to the sentence passed, be sent to the schools for a *minimum* of two and a *maximum* of five years, and they may be then wholly or partly maintained at the cost of the Treasury. The parents of delinquents, if able, may be compelled to contribute five shillings a week to the maintenance of their children in the reformatories. The act is limited to Ireland.

The election in Limerick was the scene of a disgraceful riot. Several houses of the supporters of Mr. Ball were attacked by the mob, and the windows smashed. Among others who strongly supported Mr. Ball, was the venerable Bishop of Limerick, D. Rynn. In a letter addressed to Mr. Ball, a short time before the election, the illustrious prelate has the following language:

"I have hitherto avoided interfering in questions of a political character, and I would not interest myself actively on the present occasion, but that I feel a religious principle is at stake, and that I consider it of vital importance not to have that principle sacrificed to the gratification of mere personal feeling. I believe it is deeply important to the interests of Catholicity throughout the empire, that we should have in Parliament at the present time, Catholic members of influence and ability; men who understand our wants, who feel our grievances, and who are at once able and willing to press our claims for equal justice upon the attention of the legislature, and I know no one better fitted than yourself to discharge the various and important duties that devolve just now upon a Catholic representative."

On the morning of the election, however, Mr. Ball withdrew his name from the canvass, and his opponent, Mr. Spraight, was returned without opposition. Mr. Ball, in adopting this course, stated that in the prospect of the near approach of a general election, it was his intention not to persevere in the present contest, but appeal to the electors on the approaching dissolution of Parliament.

The papers generally speak favorably of the crops.

Death of John O'Connell.—Ireland has sustained a severe loss in the death of John O'Connell, son of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, who departed this life at his residence, Kingstown, on the 24th of May. His illness was short. The particulars are thus briefly given in one of the Dublin papers:

"On Sunday week he attended Mass with the members of his family at Kingstown church. This was the last day Mr. O'Connell was out of his house, and on Monday he was attended by Drs. Trant and Kavanagh for an affection of the chest, resulting from a cold. In the course of the week his indisposition assumed a more serious character, and disease of the liver became apparent, but no alarm was excited until Sunday last, the day previous to his death, when symptoms of a dangerous character set in, and the attendant physician deemed it necessary to call in Dr. Corrigan, who, we are informed, on examination pronounced the malady fatal. The melancholy intimation was communicated to him at once, and he received it with the resignation becoming a Christian. The Rev. Mr. Kavanagh was in close attendance upon him up to his death, which took place at six o'clock on Monday evening, surrounded by all the members of his family. His departure was marked by most perfect calmness, and he died apparently free from all suffering. This is not the time to

speak of the man as a politician, or to review the stormy period in which he played a prominent part. Those considerations we defer to another time, and meantime say, God rest his soul."

RUSSIA.—The Custom House officers on the Russian frontier have received the strictest orders not to allow any books printed abroad in the Russian language to enter the country. It is well known that many Russian travellers bring back with them works of a subversive tendency, which are printed in London. At a moment of transition like the present, it is very natural that the Russian government should feel anxious to prevent any of the elements of discord finding their way among the people.

Letters state that the breaking up of the ice on the Neva has this year taken place with unusual rapidity. It is customary, on this occasion, for the governor to cross the river in a boat, and to offer the Emperor a cup of water filled from the centre of the river. In former times, the Czar replied by filling the cup with Dutch ducats; but now only 200 roubles are presented by the sovereign. This ceremony was duly performed this year.

Russian agents are said to be very actively employed in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey in preparing the people for a general insurrection; and the French ambassador has had prolonged conferences with Count Buol nearly every day in reference, it is generally believed, to the Montenegrin affair.

INDIA.—The *Friend of India* contains the following respecting Lord Canning's proclamation: "All the efforts to conciliate the country people round Lucknow have hitherto proved unavailing. They will neither return to the city nor provide our troops with supplies. Not one of our men dare wander far from the main body. The proclamation makes every man in Oude a declared enemy, and does not exhibit any means of coercion. As an amnesty, the boon conferred is ridiculous, for what power have we to put to death 5,000,000 of human beings? The British government will be held as both weak and rapacious—as weak in offering the life it has not power to take, as rapacious in seizing estates to which it has no right."

The *Calcutta Phœnix* concludes its review of the state of things with this remarkable avowal: "In conclusion, we have only to observe that the temper of the people of this country has never been so excited against any former rulers as it is now against the British. There is no use in concealing the fact that we are regarded by most classes of natives with feelings of religious and national hatred. India must, indeed, for a long roll of years, be held by the sword."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "The results of Sir Colin Campbell's Oude campaign begin to excite murmurs. When finally the siege of Lucknow commenced in earnest, he had, with Jung Bahadoor's force, an army such as India had never yet seen, consisting, as it did, of 18,000 British and 15,000 native soldiers. Yet the result was the old story—we enter on one side, the enemy retire by the other; a few Sepoys are killed; an ineffectual pursuit is attempted, and the rebellion has only shifted its headquarters from one stronghold to another."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

I. DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Consecration of an Altar.*—On Sunday, the 30th of May, the new altar recently erected in St. Mary's Church, Alexandria, was solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. The *Mirror* gives the following interesting details:

About six o'clock in the morning the Archbishop, attended by the Rev. Peter Kroes, pastor of the church, and another priest, together with thurifers, acolytes,

cross-bearer, and all the usual officers on such occasions, entered the sanctuary and commenced the consecration ceremonies as prescribed in the pontifical. The Archbishop, in the progress of the consecration, delivered two brief addresses to the crowded congregation, in explanation of what was then transpiring before them. As soon as the altar was consecrated, the Archbishop celebrated Mass upon it, being, of course, the first. The altar is of the finest Italian marble, resting upon a foundation of bricks, built from the ground up. It has three recessed panels in front, the centre one containing a Lamb lying on a Cross, finely sculptured. Four fluted Ionic columns support the table of the altar, and a beautiful Ionic tabernacle graces the whole structure. It was made in Philadelphia, by Coleman, at a cost of about one thousand dollars.

Confirmation.—During the Pontifical Mass, which followed the consecration of the altar, the same Most Rev. Prelate administered confirmation to 99 persons, many of whom were converts to our holy faith. On Pentecost Sunday, 151 persons were confirmed in the Cathedral in this city, by the Most Rev. Archbishop; and on Sunday, the 16th of May, the same holy sacrament was administered at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Erie, to 97 persons, including 27 students of Mount St. Mary's College. On the afternoon of the same day, Bishop Young confirmed 13 persons at Graceham, about five miles from Mount St. Mary's College.

Ordinations.—On Saturday, May 29th, in St. Alphonsus' Church, Baltimore, the holy order of Priesthood was conferred by the Most Rev. Archbishop on the Rev. Wm. Wayrich, Rev. Michael Rosenbauer, and the Rev. Joachim Heymann—all members of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

An ordination was held, June 23d, by the Most Rev. Archbishop in the chapel of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, when Mr. Jas. McDevitt received the four minor orders. On the 24th, Messrs. James McDevitt, John C. Gloyd and Dennis English were ordained subdeacons. On the 25th, Messrs. Jas. McDevitt, Edmund Didier, J. C. Gloyd, Jerome M. Cloazec and D. English were promoted to the deaconship; and on Saturday, 26th June, Messrs. Edward Brennan, Jas. McDevitt, E. Didier, John C. Gloyd and D. English were raised to the sacred order of the priesthood.

A New Church.—A new church under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, is about being erected in the ancient city of Annapolis by the Redemptorist Fathers, for the accommodation of the Catholics of that place. It will be a magnificent building, and according to the Gothic style of architecture. In dimensions it is planned to be 59½ feet wide and 113 feet in extreme length, with a spire 180 feet high.

2. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Dedication of a New Church.*—The new church recently erected by the Augustinian Fathers at Atlantic City, was dedicated to the service of God on the 24th of May.

Confirmation.—The holy sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood on Sunday, the 6th of June, to 150 persons, in the Church of St. Theresa, Philadelphia.

3. DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—*Consecration of a New Church.*—The solemn consecration of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Fourteenth street, near avenue A, took place on Sunday, the 16th of May, Archbishop Hughes, celebrant. The Bishops of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Augusta, Ga., with a large number of the clergy of New York and the neighboring dioceses, were present. In the course of the sermon, which was preached by the Archbishop, he took occasion to explain the nature of the ceremonies, "not merely because the church was consecrated, but because it was consecrated perhaps the very first on the face of the earth in honor of

the dogmatic definition of the last proclaimed prerogative of the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the holy sacrament of confirmation on the 20th of May, at St. Joseph's Church, to 396 persons, including a number of converts. On Pentecost Sunday, the same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed 170 persons at Manhattanville. On the following day, the Archbishop gave confirmation at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, Third street, to 284 persons. Of these, no less than 42 were adult converts to the Catholic Church. On the 26th of May the Archbishop confirmed at the Church of the Transfiguration, 435 persons; and on May 27, the Archbishop confirmed at St. Francis Xavier's Church, 550 persons, of whom very many were converts to the faith.

The Most Rev. Archbishop also administered the sacrament of confirmation on Sunday, May 30th, in St. Andrew's Church, to 455 persons, many of whom were adults and converts to the true faith. During the ceremony of confirming the children, Mr. John Burns, a man somewhat advanced in years, was supported toward the sanctuary where the Archbishop sat, surrounded by his attendants. Just as he essayed to kneel, he was observed to grow more faint and sink to the floor. The Archbishop arose, advanced toward him, and stooping, anointed him and gave him the accustomed *Pax tecum*, peace be with you. The poor man, full of happiness and peace, uttering his silent prayer, was led away from the holy place, and died immediately after the reception of the sacred rite.

4. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—**Confirmation.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin administered the holy sacrament of confirmation to upwards of 300 persons on the 13th of May, in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Brooklyn.

The opening festival of the Brooklyn Catholic Orphan Asylum, was an event which will long be remembered by the Catholics of Brooklyn. It was commenced on Monday, June 6th, and continued for four successive evenings. The building, says the *Tablet*, is imposing in its external appearance, commodious, and creditable to the architects in its internal arrangement. It is situated in a pleasant and salubrious locality on Bedford avenue. The success of this admirable and benevolent enterprise and the construction of this edifice, which is a noble monument of the charity of the Catholics of Brooklyn, are mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of the Right Rev. Bishop and the Rev. Mr. Schneller, of St. Paul's, in the cause of the fatherless. Addresses were delivered on each evening. Among the speakers were the Rev. Father Schneller, who delivered the inaugural address; the Rev. Mr. Walsh, Dr. Ives, and Richard O'Gorman, Esq. The proceeds amounted to nearly four thousand dollars.

5. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—**Confirmation.**—On the 29th of May, the holy sacrament of confirmation was administered at St. John's and St. Patrick's churches, Utica, by the Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey. At St. John's Church, 367 persons were confirmed, of whom 17 were adult converts from Protestantism. Mrs. Witcher, wife of B. W. Witcher, of Whitesboro, formerly an Episcopalian minister, was one of these. In the afternoon, about 100 persons were confirmed at St. Patrick's Church.

We learn that a mission has been opened by the Augustinian Fathers in this diocese, at Lansingburg and Waterford. The churches are under the charge of the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty and Father Meagher.

6. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—**Confirmation.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick administered the sacrament of confirmation to 241 persons at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on the 27th of May. The same Right Rev. Prelate on the 1st of June confirmed 108 persons at St. Mary's Church, Charlestown; and on Saturday, June 5th, 171 persons at St. Joseph's Chapel in the house of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Lancaster street; of these, 142 were pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame, the re-

maining 55 were adults, some of them converts. The 142 above named made their first communion on the same occasion.

The close of a mission, preached by the Rev. Father Winneger in Easton, is thus noticed by the Easton *Daily Times*:

"A large concourse of citizens, estimated at from two to three thousand, composed of Catholics and Protestants, were gathered in the vicinity of the German Catholic Church, in South Easton, yesterday afternoon, to witness the solemn and peculiar services attending the erection of a massive wooden cross on the south side of the church. The ceremony was commenced about three o'clock, by a procession round the cross, headed by the pastor of the church, who was followed by a small boy carrying a crucifix. This was followed by another procession, headed by Pomp's Cornet Band, and composed of a number of little girls attired in white, with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and carrying lighted tapers. The procession stopped at the head of the cross, where the Missionary Priests and attending clergymen knelt and performed a solemn service, in which the females with the tapers and members of the church participated. The cross was then sprinkled with holy water, and elevated in the position it was designed to occupy, and consecrated with holy water and incense in the customary form of the church."

7. DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—*Confirmation*.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacred rite of confirmation to 92 persons, on Sunday, June 6th, in Emanuel Church, Dayton, and 50 in St. Joseph's Church—several of those confirmed were converts. The same Most Rev. Prelate previously confirmed 101 persons in Holy Trinity Church, Cincinnati.

8. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—*Ordination*.—On May 26th, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Edmund Langenfelder, Ignatius Truegg, Ansharius Frauendorfer, Bernard Munzer, and Edward Hypelius, of the Benedictine Order, were ordained subdeacons by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, and on the 28th the same gentlemen received deacon's orders, and W. Nolan tonsure and minor orders. On the 29th, Edmund Langenfelder and Ignatius Truegg were raised to the priesthood, and W. Nolan and F. Seneca to subdeacons; and Patrick M'Cartney, Andrew McGorgar, Joseph M'Gill, Frederick Lang, Charles Lang and Martin Maher, of the Passionist Order, received tonsure and minor orders; and on Saturday, June 5th, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor ordained W. Nolan and F. Seneca, deacons. On Monday, the 7th, Archarius Graudendorfer, O. S. B., and Bernard Munzer, O. S. B., were promoted to the priesthood.

Religious Reception.—On Monday afternoon, the 7th June, in the Convent Chapel, Webster street, Miss Amelia Ihmsen (Sister Mary de Sales), Miss Mary Rafferty (Sister Mary Celestine), Miss Sarah Quigly (Sister Mary Athanasius), and Miss Louisa Confer (Sister Mary Clement), received the white veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.

Confirmation.—The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor administered the sacrament of confirmation on Sunday, May 23d, in St. John's Church, Birmingham. Upwards of 70 were confirmed on the occasion, among whom, we understand, were several converts.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

9. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.—*Confirmation*.—On the 6th of June the Right Rev. Dr. McFarland, Bishop of Hartford, administered the holy sacrament of confirmation in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Pawtucket, to 277 persons. A correspondent of the *Pilot* thus describes the interesting scene:

"From an early hour that morning, the little ones came flocking from all quarters of the town and neighboring country, to the Catholic school-house, and at half past seven o'clock they marched in procession, with appropriate banners, to the pastoral residence to meet the Bishop, who immediately returned with them to the church, accompanied by the pastor. On entering the church avenue, the procession formed

in two parallel lines, and received the episcopal blessing; the children then entered the church, and assisted with piety and recollection at the holy sacrifice."

In the early part of May, the same Right Rev. Prelate administered confirmation at Collinsville to a large number of persons, and also, on the same occasion, consecrated a cemetery. He addressed the children before confirmation in an appropriate discourse, and closed the ceremony of the consecration of the cemetery, by an eloquent sermon on the nature of the ceremony, and the spirit of the Church in thus setting aside and blessing the earth which is to hold our bodies after death. The same Right Rev. Prelate subsequently administered confirmation to 335 persons in St. Patrick's Church, Providence.

10. DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.—*Confirmation.*—On the 20th of May, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered confirmation to 14 penitents at the monastery of the Good Shepherd, Louisville. Nearly all of them were converts to our holy faith. Each year increases the usefulness of this charitable establishment. Its reputation is extending over the whole country. On Pentecost Sunday, the Bishop gave confirmation in St. Martin's Church, Louisville, to 62 persons, two of whom were adult converts. The Rev. Leander Streber is pastor of this new church, erected for the benefit of our German Catholic brethren in the upper part of the city.

The following interesting sketch of the labors of the illustrious Bishop of Louisville and the progress of Catholicity in the diocese, taken from the *Louisville Guardian*, will be read with interest:

"On Tuesday, May 25th, the Right. Rev. Bishop of Louisville visited the thriving town of Hawesville, Hancock county, where there are about fifty Catholics, chiefly laborers in the numerous coal mines there in operation. These have been visited monthly by the Rev. M. M. Coghlan, of St. Laurence's, who had been exerting himself for some time to erect here a small Catholic church. His pious design was warmly seconded by the liberal Protestant inhabitants of the town. A subscription was opened, and at the bishop's visit the amount subscribed was about thirteen hundred dollars, three-fourths of which sum was contributed by Protestants! This feature in the subscription was most encouraging, as it exhibited, in a practical form, the reaction in the public mind against the recent unworthy attempt to disfranchise citizens of the Catholic faith.

"The Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Coghlan, made all the necessary preliminary arrangements for building the church, and he appointed two excellent and reliable Protestant gentlemen the building committee, to make the necessary contracts and to superintend the erection of the building. A half-acre lot in the central part of the town had been secured, and the good work will commence immediately, and will be no doubt completed during the present season. The church is to be of stone, and in the Gothic style of architecture. It will be fifty feet long by thirty wide in the interior, and, when completed, it will be a neat and tasty structure, and quite an ornament to the town. There is little doubt, that, after its completion, the Catholic population of the place will greatly increase, and that in a short time flourishing schools will be here established.

"In the city of Cannelton, on the opposite side of the river, a spacious new Catholic church, in the Gothic style, is now in progress of erection. Population is fast concentrating in this vicinity. Two miles below Cannelton, in Indiana, the new *Tell City* has been commenced, and in six weeks five miles of streets have been laid out chiefly in the woods, and more than a hundred dwellings have been erected by the industrious Germans. The managers confidently expect a population of five thousand within the year. The abundance of good coal in this vicinity, is a great inducement to emigrants, especially to such as wish to embark in manufactures."

11. DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON.—*Confirmation.*—On the festival of Corpus Christi the Right Rev. Bishop of Charleston administered the sacrament of confirmation, in St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, to 127 persons.

Dedication of a New Church.—The growing Catholic population of Columbia, and the unsatisfactory condition of the sacred edifice in which they had previously worshipped, induced the zealous clergymen who hold there the pastoral charge, to repair and enlarge the building. This has been at last accomplished under the direction of an able and esteemed architect, Mr. Nierensee. The repairs and additions to the building were of such a character as to call for the re-dedication of the church. This ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop on last Sunday.—*Miscellany.*

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

THE KANSAS BILL.—The question of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which so long agitated Congress, was, on the disagreement of the two houses, referred to a Committee of Conference. This committee consisted of James S. Green, R. M. T. Hunter and Wm. H. Seward, of the Senate, and Wm. H. English, Alexander H. Stephens and Wm. A. Howard, of the House. The bill which they reported (called the "English bill," having been reported to the House by Mr. English of Indiana), declares the Lecompton Constitution to be Republican in its character, but pronounces certain provisions in the "ordinance" prefixed to the constitution as unacceptable to Congress. This "ordinance" claims for Kansas the exclusive right to all the mines of gold, silver, lead, coal, &c. in the State, a large amount of public land for educational purposes and for internal improvements, and other objectionable features. The bill struck out this ordinance and substituted in its place simply the grant of certain land for public schools, and five per cent. of the sales of the public land in the State for works of internal improvement; and finally stipulated that if this substitute be accepted by a vote of the people of Kansas, then the State shall be admitted into the Union with the Lecompton Constitution. Hence the admission of Kansas yet depends on the adoption or rejection of this substitute, on which the vote will be taken in August next.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN NEW ORLEANS.—Much excitement has been created in New Orleans, growing out of the formation in this city of a Vigilance Committee. For some time past, disorder was rampant in the city, and said to be owing mainly to the indifference or the insufficiency of the authorities to suppress it. At the approach of the election for Mayor and other city officers, the orderly portion of the community, remembering the scenes of disorder and bloodshed which disgraced the city two years ago, when the Know Nothing or American party grew into power, formed themselves into a vigilance committee, for the purpose of procuring the privilege to vote without endangering their lives. The first step of the committee was to publish an address to the people, in which were set forth the entire failure of the city government and local judiciary to enforce the laws and protect the property and the lives of peaceable citizens. They then organized a strong military force and placed it under the command of Major J. K. Duncan, late of the U. States army. For a time the public sentiment seemed to be so strong in favor of the committee, that the mayor resigned his office, and the city was to a certain extent under the control of the committee. The election took place on the 7th of June, and passed off remarkably quiet. It resulted in the election of Gerard Stith, the American candidate. The vote was small, a large number of persons absenting themselves from the polls on account of the excited state of the city.

After the election the Vigilance Committee disbanded, though they declare the organization is not broken up, but that it holds itself in readiness to be called together if occasion require.